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SERGEANT-AT-ARMS.

ADIRONDACK COMMITTEE, 1898.

THROUGH
THE ADIRONDACKS
IN
EIGHTEEN DAYS

By MARTIN V. B. IVES

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Preface.

I have no good reason to assign, or excuse to offer, for the publication of this work, except the earnest request and solicitation of my fellow committeemen.

Its lines of narration, as will be noted, are not wholly original, but have been selected from well-known authors, to whom I here acknowledge warm obligation.

The work was originally intended for a legislative report, as all who spend the time and do me the honor to read it will observe. But on account of its voluminousness it was thought best to transmit a synopsis of the same to that body, and to submit the original to the general public.

This book is therefore dedicated to all who are of hunter breed and blood and are interested in the preservation of the forests.

THE AUTHOR.

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THROUGH THE ADIRONDACKS

IN

EIGHTEEN DAYS.

“IN ASSEMBLY, *March* 31, 1898.

Resolved, That the Speaker of the Assembly appoint a special committee of nine members to continue the investigation as to what more lands shall be acquired within the Forest Preserve, in order to protect the watershed and for the Agricultural Experimental Station. Such committee shall have power to prosecute its inquiries in every direction necessary to arrive at a full and accurate knowledge of the subject. Such committee shall report the result of its investigations to the Legislature not later than February 1, 1899, together with such recommendations as to necessary legislation as it may deem advisable.”

On or about August 1, 1898, the Speaker, Mr. James M. E. O’Grady, named the following gentlemen as such committee :

James H. Pierce, of Essex ; Cornelius J. Clark, of Jefferson ; Nicholas J. Miller, of Erie ; Charles A. Sloan, of Schuyler ; Edward G. Ten Eyck, of Onondaga ; Martin V. B. Ives, of St. Lawrence ; George T. Kelly, of Albany ; Joseph I. Green, of New York ; Daniel E. Finn, of New

York. But Mr. Kelly, of Albany, being unable to go, Mr. Dominick F. Mullany, of New York, was substituted in his place.

Said committee met at Saratoga on August 23, 1898, and organized by the election of James H. Pierce as chairman and Ray B. Smith as clerk. Fred B. Keefer was appointed messenger; and James C. Crawford, the sergeant-at-arms, and Archie Stewart Hamilton, his assistant, attended upon the committee.

On the morning of the 26th of August, 1898, the committee left Saratoga via the D. & H. R. R. for a personal examination, so far as it was practicable, of the lands within the Adirondack Park and Forest Preserve.

On leaving Saratoga one enters at once, if he travels north, a country where every rock, tree and hill has an aboriginal history, for around and about them 200 years ago various Indian tribes contended for the possession of that locality for hunting grounds. For 100 years, and perhaps more, the tribes of the Five Nations—to wit, the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas and Senecas—occupied the country south of the Adirondack mountains in New York State, the Hurons and Algonquins claiming all of the territory north of the mountains, including the Canadas; hence, all the lands between the Mohawk and the St. Lawrence Rivers became battle grounds.

Back and forth over the intervening mountain ranges these savage tribes contended perhaps for centuries before the white man appeared on the scene. Strange to say, the

northern tribes (Hurons and Algonquins), although much less numerous, were better fighters, and for this reason usually got the better of their southern brethren in their pitched battles, due no doubt to the fact that they were physically more vigorous men, better able to stand the rigorous climate of the cold north country than their southern neighbors. It is, no doubt, for these reasons that we find to-day many more Indian battle signs on the southern than on the northern slopes and valleys of the Adirondacks. This state of affairs continued until July 30, 1609, when one Samuel De Champlain, a venturesome Frenchman, on the west or New York shore of the lake that now bears his name, fired his old flint-lock, bell-muzzled blunderbuss at the leaders of a war party of one of the tribes, killing three of them, and thereby demonstrating the superiority of the musket over the tomahawk, spear and arrow, the arms of the red men of that age. From that time on those old tribes have melted away like a cake of ice in a hot day until scarcely a pure descendant of any of them can be found in the State to-day. Those old red men left a name, however, for nearly every river, lake and mountain within their respective domains, which the white man promptly ignored, substituting such common names as Sandy Hill, Fort Edward, Glens Falls, etc., which are all right enough, but when in an Indian country it seems better to stick to Indian names.

We passed through the above-mentioned villages, at which the train stopped, but our committee did not. We were informed, however, that they were thriving little

towns, all of which had thrilling Indian legends to link them to the past. Presently we reached Glens Falls, and learned that the Indian name for this is or was "Che-pon-tue," meaning a hard place to get around, but the committee got around it all right, for the town was not on our list for inspection. From a well-posted inhabitant we obtained the following information: That the city had 13,000 inhabitants, and was a market place of no small dimensions; that it had many fine hotels, eight churches, a fine high school, an opera house, four banks, an armory, electric lights, street cars, about twenty lager beer saloons, and, as an offset, a small but loud shouting Salvation Army.

History relates that a gentleman by the name of Abraham Wing once owned the whole territory round about that city, and erected there in an early day a grist and saw mill, but, getting tired of the business, sold the whole tract to one Johannes Glenn for the price of a wine supper. The historian slurringly remarks that he sold his birthright for a mess of pottage; that he parted with his realty for the price of a high-toned one night's drunk. And yet perhaps the old man was not so much of a "chump" after all. The writer's experience is somewhat limited—not often has he joined in the song of those who sing, "We won't go home 'till morning"—but judging from the land to be seen from the car window in that vicinity one would be inclined to say that the old man Wing got the best end of the bargain. At any rate, the public profited by the transfer, for Glens Falls sounds much better than Wings Falls.

Much of the land between the Falls and Caldwell, on Lake George, is sandy and utilized for raising buckwheat, commonly called starvation's land. Perhaps it would not be out of place to remark here that a great part of the land on the immediate southern slope of the Adirondack Mountains is of a light sandy soil, upon which in many places is a stunted growth of Norway pine. Doubtless during the Glacial Epoch, when Dame Nature was distributing soil and boulder clay over the Adirondack region, its high peaks formed a sort of dam which held back the more solid drift to settle on their northern slopes, permitting only the lighter sands, or, as it is called, modified drift, to flow over to their southern sides: hence, the difference in size of tree growth, for the northern slopes of the Adirondacks are noted for their mammoth growth of timber.

At Caldwell, a small hamlet at the head of Lake George, we changed from the cars to the steamer Horicon, which stood waiting, and were soon plowing our way toward the foot of the lake.

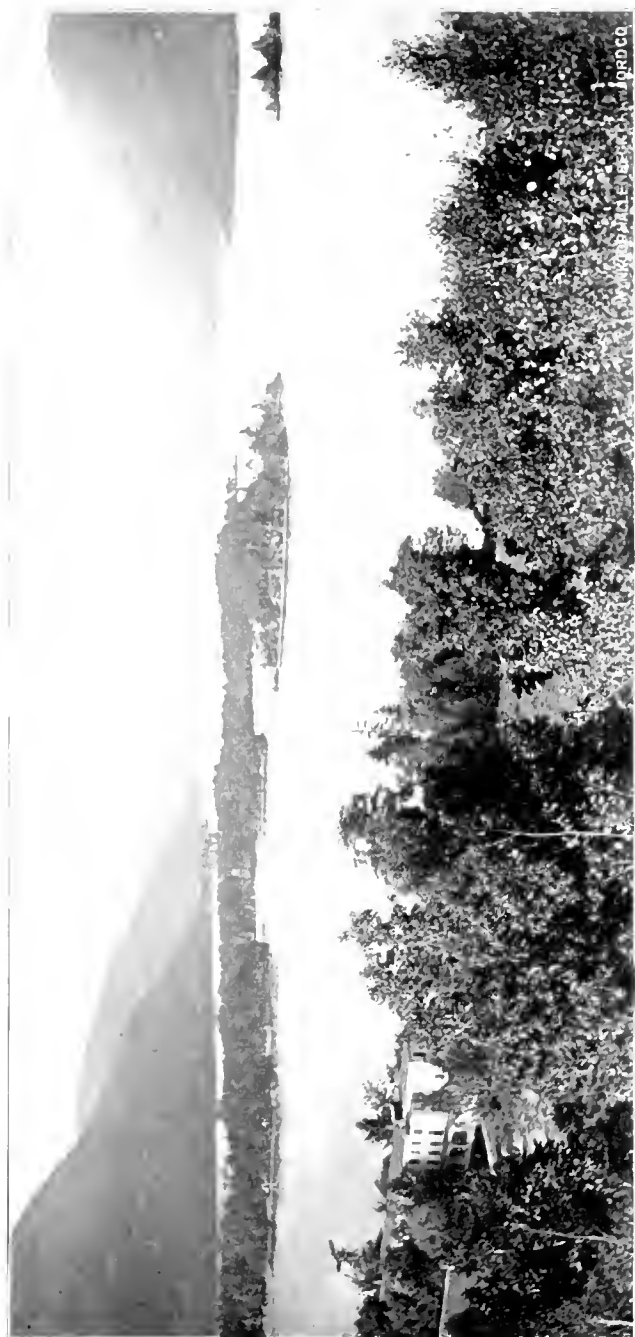
It is difficult to adequately describe the beautiful scenery of Lake George. Others who can wield a pen infinitely better than the writer have failed to fully describe its beauties. It has, however, been rightly named the "Queen of American Waters." It is practically a large spring, for its waters a few feet below the surface are as cold as ice; they are also pure and soft, clear as crystal, and have a peculiar color, a deep blue-green. Its tributary streams are short, headed by springs. Its banks close

down to the water's edge are well covered with timber, dense with foliage. Its shores slope back in some places gradually, and in others abruptly into hills and mountains, towering in one place, at least, two thousand feet above the surface of the lake.

The lake is thirty-six miles long, its greatest width four miles, and its greatest depth one hundred and ninety-six feet. It has two hundred and twenty islands, all of them gems of beauty, and all but seventeen are owned by the State. Its waters are well stocked with various kinds of trout and black bass. It is three hundred and forty-six feet above tide water and two hundred and twenty-seven feet above the surface of Lake Champlain.

The captain of our good ship seemed to be given to loquacity, which was fortunate, as from him the writer obtained much valuable information. In fact, Captain Harris appeared to enjoy talking and being talked to. His stump speeches describing the lake and its surroundings as we steamed along over its surface, although somewhat Jumbo-like in character, were, to say the least, interesting and very useful to the writer, enabling him to obtain nearly all the history herein recorded in regard to the lake. Shortly after leaving Caldwell our captain came on deck, and proceeded to deliver his first lecture, as follows:

"The first point extending out into the lake is Tea Island, and just beyond is seen Tongue Mountain and a little to the right the round top of Shelving Rock Mountain. Two miles beyond Tea Island is located Diamond Island, and



LAKE GEORGE.

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beyond and behind Diamond Island is Long Island. About two miles from this island, on the right, is Plum Point, near which is the summer home of the Paulist Fathers, at the east of which is seen French Mountain, and back toward the south, almost hidden by the trees, are the ruins of old Fort George. Toward the west, and back of us, is Prospect mountain, with its shining railroad track from top to bottom."

At this point the captain was called below. Some of our New York members suggested ten minutes for refreshment, but this was not fair, for our captain was not that kind of a man. However, he soon reappeared, and from that time on he pointed out mountains, harbors, islands, bays and hotels, and reeled off Indian legends until we were so confused that we did not try to keep close tab on his tales thereafter, except to note those that were the most peculiar and to remember as near as possible his Indian and Revolutionary legends.

Said he: "Tea Island is noted, it is said, because General Abercrombie buried gold and other valuables there once upon a time; the surface of the island has been dug over at different times by treasure seekers. Doubtless the true solution of the surface disturbance is, as Colonel Sellers says, hogs. Diamond Island is so called because fine quartz or rock crystals are found there. Diamond Point, where crystals are also found, has a story connected with it. Many years ago an Indian by the name of Sampson Paul when out trolling for trout caught on to a weary panther that was swimming the lake, towed him ashore at this point and killed him with a fish spear."

A very good story, and I am sorry to spoil it. But old hunters say that panthers never swim, and that they never wet their feet in the water unless forced to do so.

Cramer Point furnished another wonderful story. The Point is said to have been an island owned by the State. A very pious man by the name of Cramer owned a point on the main land jutting out into the lake toward the island, which said Cramer coveted. One night he fervently prayed that a land connection between the point and the island might be made, and when he looked out on the lake in the morning, lo and behold! it was done.

To prove the truth of this story the captain will call your attention to a narrow strip of land that connects the point with the island.

Reid's Rock was pointed out to us, which has a modern history not so pleasant. "A man named Reid wandered out there one cold autumn night when on a drunk, lay down on this rock and died, and was found there the next morning frozen stiff." Our committee were of one mind that a mistake was made in naming the rock after Reid; that good judgment forbids the erection of a stone monument or the naming of a granite rock in memory of a drunkard in such a beautiful lake as that.

The State has recently caused many of the islands to be renamed, one of which bears the peculiar name of "Jogues." The captain informed us that something over two hundred years ago this man, accompanied by a party of white men, encamped on the island one night; that a

party of Indians discovered and surrounded them, and after the weary white men had gone to sleep the savages fell upon and killed them all. There was some wisdom displayed in naming this island.

The exact place was also pointed out to us where on the 25th of July, 1757, Col. John Parker and his command of 400 Englishmen were attacked by a large Indian war party, but on account of the English having unwieldy, large and unmanageable boats, and the Indians being provided with light, birchbark canoes, the latter had the advantage, owing to the supple management of their crafts, and improved it to the extent of killing or capturing nearly all of the English force. History states that 131 white men were killed, 12 escaped, and the balance were taken prisoners. One Father Roubard, a Jesuit priest, who was either with the English or visited the spot the next day, relates that the Indians cooked and ate some of the younger and more tender Englishmen, and that some of the cooked human flesh was offered him, which he refused, at the same time attempting to remonstrate with them, but received this answer: "You have French taste; I have Indian. This food is good for me." Although this last statement is the testimony of a priest, yet the reader is not called upon to believe any more of it than he can reasonably digest. This is, so far as I know, the only record of our North American Indians being accused of cannibalism.

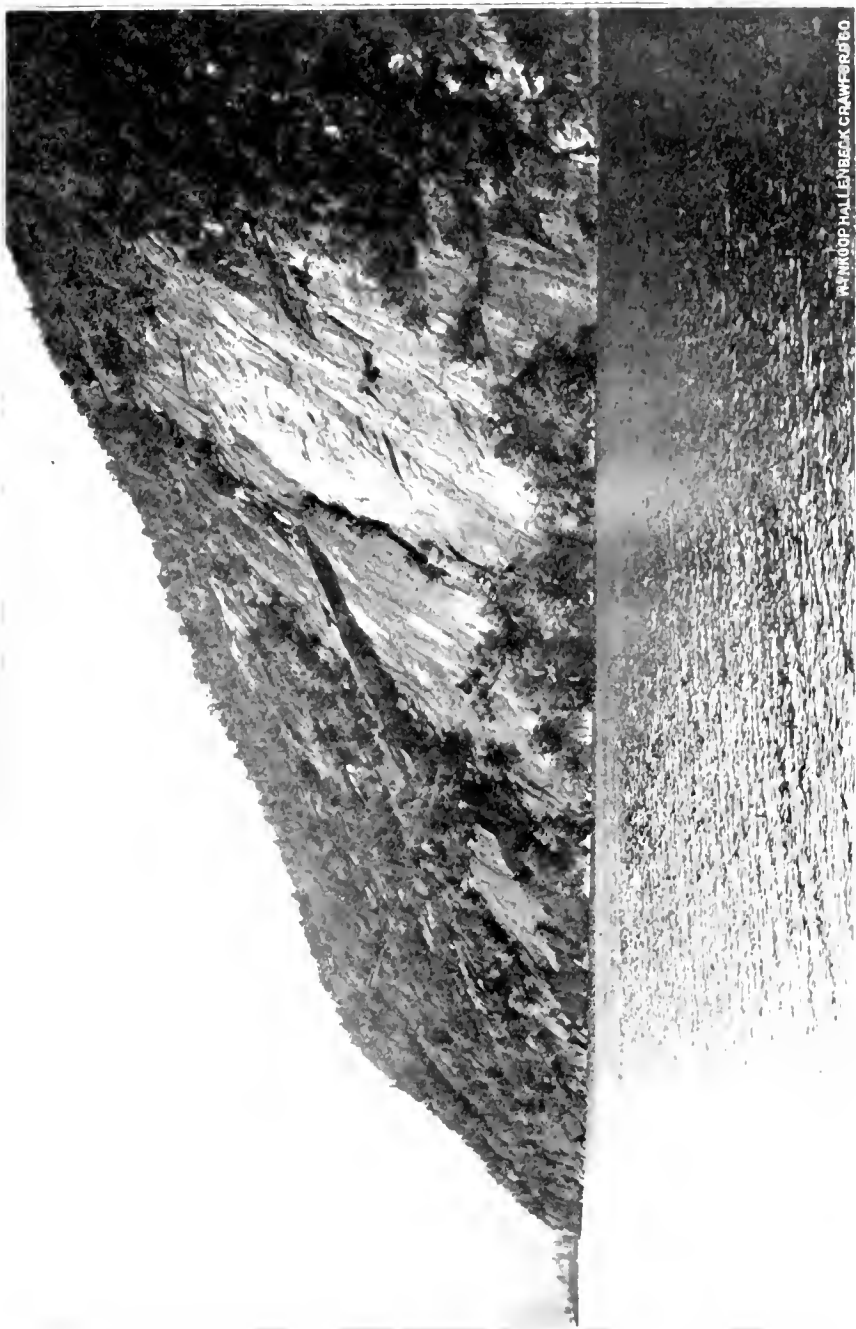
Our attention was also called to Deer Leap Mountain, from the top of which a deer once leaped to escape from a

pack of howling bloodhounds. At the base and around the sides of this mountain is said to be one of the places where rattlesnakes abound in this State. Just east of this is Hog Back Hill, where once upon a time a whole encampment of Indians was put to death by a party of white men led by a man named Rogers. Just as the victorious white men were about to leave, however, one of their party found a young Indian papoose strapped to a piece of bark standing up against a tree. Some one of the party suggested that the babe be allowed to live, but Rogers, being not only brave but brutal, dashed the youngster's head against a rock, excusing his crime by claiming that the brat was a nit, and if let grow would become a louse.

The old captain told us that in the palmy days of hounding he had often seen on one trip as many as two dozen deer swimming in the lake.

Finally and lastly, our attention was called to Rogers' Slide Mountain, which has a most remarkable history. The committee had accepted, with a mild protest, all of the captain's stories up to this with becoming credulity, but here we drew the line and informed the old skipper that unless he hauled in his horns a little this story would be his last, but our petitions were vain, as the reader will note.

Rogers' Slide is a mountain on the west side of the lake, nearly or quite 1,000 feet high; at least 500 feet of its eastern base is a bare rock, which lacks a considerable of being as smooth as marble and but little of being as steep as a haystack. This sharp incline extends down to and into the waters of the lake. The story is as follows:



ROGERS SLIDE, LAKE GEORGE, FROM THE NORTH

WINGO P. HALLENBECK CRAWFORD

"In the winter of 1758 one Robert Rogers, being in that locality with a party of his rangers on a reconnoitering expedition, when near this precipice, which was then called Bald Mountain, met a party of Indians, and in the skirmish that followed Rogers became separated from his party. On being pursued by the savages he made for this mountain slide, down which he proceeded to slip, and made his escape, rejoining his party. The Indians pursued him to the jumping off place and saw him escaping on the ice below, at which they entered no protest, concluding that any human being who could make that rough, rocky slide and live must be under divine protection; hence, Rogers was allowed to go free."

Our committee, however, were unanimous in the opinion that any man to make that slide sitting down, as it could be made no other way, must have been provided with metal reinforcements, else he would have been worn off up to his arm pits. They so expressed themselves to the captain, who, seeing that we were determined to doubt the stories which he had told so many times as to almost begin to believe them himself, concluded to drop them at least on this trip. Our Tammany Hall members remarked to him as he disappeared below that he had better smoke up; that his pipe had gone out -- whatever that may mean.

At Baldwin, near the foot of the lake, we again boarded a train for Lake Champlain, passing through the village of Ticonderoga, where we made no stop, but learned that it was a thriving village of about 2,000 inhabitants, where,

on account of its excellent water power, large manufacturing plants are located. Two miles farther on we arrive at the lake station, called Fort Ticonderoga, on Lake Champlain. The Indian name for Lake Champlain was "Canadere-quarante," meaning the lake that is the gate of the country. It received its present name, however, in the year 1609, after Samuel De Champlain, who, it is said, was the first white man that looked out upon its shining waters. History has it that in that year Champlain, a venturesome Frenchman, in command of a party of Canadian hunters and tourists, sailed south from the St. Lawrence River, and on the 29th of July met a band of Iroquois Indians equal in number to his own party. Champlain's description of the battle that followed is so quaint that I am sure the reader will pardon me if I give his account of it. A veteran of the civil war, I fear, will not regard it as much of a battle, it being nothing more than one discharge from an old-fashioned flint-lock, bell-muzzle musket at three plumed chiefs, who seemingly purposely grouped themselves together to receive its scattering charge.



LAKE CHAMPLAIN, NORTHEAST FROM HOTEL CHAMPLAIN.

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CHAPTER I.

CHAMPLAIN'S STORY, TAKEN FROM HISTORY.

I left the rapids of the river on the 2d of July, 1609. On coming within two or three days' journey of the enemy's quarters we traveled only by night and rested by day. At nightfall we embarked in our canoes to continue our journey, and as we advanced very softly and noiselessly we encountered a war party of Iroquois, at a point of a cape which puts out into the lake on the west side, on the 29th of the month, about 10 o'clock at night. They and we began to shout, each seizing his arms. We withdrew toward the water, and they repaired on shore, and arranged all their canoes, the one beside the other, and began to hew down trees with villainous axes, which they sometimes get in war, and others of stone, and fortified themselves very securely. Our party likewise kept their canoes arranged the one alongside the other, tied to poles so as not to run adrift, in order to fight altogether if need be. We were on the water and about an arrow shot from their barricades. When they were armed and in order they sent two canoes from the fleet to know if their enemies wished to fight, who answered that they desired nothing else, but just then there was not much light, and we must wait for day to distinguish each other, and that they would give us battle at sunrise. (No true soldier could find fault with that arrangement.) This was agreed to by

our party. Meanwhile the whole night was spent in dancing and singing, as well on one side as the other, mingled with intinutudes of insults and other taunts, such as the little courage they had, how powerless their resistance against our arms, and when day would break they should experience that to their ruin. It seems that they kept this sort of a word battle up all night, twitting each other with being cowards, until day break. My companions and I were always concealed, for fear the enemy would see us, preparing our arms the best we could, being however separated, each in one of the canoes. After being equipped with light armor, we took each an arquebuse and went ashore. I saw the enemy leave their barricade; they were about two hundred men of robust appearance, coming slowly toward us, and with a gravity and assurance which greatly pleased me, led on by three chiefs. Ours was marching in similar order, and told me that those who bore three lofty plumes were the chiefs, and that I must do all I could to kill them. The moment we landed we began to run about two hundred paces toward the enemy, who stood firm, and had not yet perceived my companions who went into the bush with some savages. Ours commenced calling me in a loud voice, and making way for me, opened in two, and placed me at their head, and marched about twenty paces in advance until I was within thirty paces of the enemy. The moment they saw me they halted, gazing at me, and I at them. When I saw them preparing to shoot at us, I raised my arquebuse, and, aiming directly at

one of their chiefs, touched it off; two of them fell and one of their companions received a wound, from which he afterwards died. I had put four balls into my arquebuse. Ours in witnessing a shot so favorable to them, set up such tremendous shouts that thunder could not have been heard, and yet there was no lack of arrows on one side and the other. The Iroquois were greatly astonished seeing two men killed so instantaneously, notwithstanding they were provided with arrow proof armor woven of cotton thread and wool. This frightened them very much. While I was reloading, one of my companions in the bush fired a shot which so astonished them anew, seeing their chief slain, that they lost courage, took flight, and abandoned the field and their fort, hiding themselves in the depth of the forest, whither pursuing them I killed some others. Our party also killed several of them, and took ten or twelve prisoners. The rest carried off the wounded. Fifteen or sixteen of ours were wounded by arrows, but were promptly cured. After having gained the victory, they amused themselves by plundering Indian corn and meal from the enemy, also their arms, which they had thrown down in order to run the better; after having feasted, sung and danced, we retired, three hours after, with the prisoners.

And yet a large lake has been named after this man, or rather he named it after himself, which would seem to be characteristically consistent, and but a short time ago the

old historical and much revered city of Quebec, Canada, erected and dedicated a monument to him as the founder of their city. Who shall say that bravery and veracity do not ultimately get their just rewards !

Arriving at Ticonderoga landing, we were soon on board the commodious steamer Vermont and on our way down the lake. About one mile north of the landing there still stands some of the old tumble-down walls or ruins of the once famous Fort Ticonderoga. Outlines of its trenches, breastworks, moat, bastions, etc., can still be plainly noted and traced. To one man is due more than to any or all others connected with its history the credit of its historical notoriety, Col. Ethan Allen of Vermont, commander of the Green Mountain Boys, who captured that stronghold one morning, with a handful of men, in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress, and gave to the fort a name that will last until long after every trace of its outlines is obliterated.

The fort was built by the French in 1757, and was then called Carrolton, its location being at the point where the crooked, narrow creek which twists its way down to this point from White Hall begins to expand into something of the character of a lake. The fortification was thought to be of great importance on account of its commanding location, guarding as it did the gateway between the northern and southern parts of the State of New York. After building it the French held it for some time. On July 8, 1758, the English attacked and stormed it with a large



RUINS OF OLD FORT TICONDEROGA.

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HOTEL CHAMPLAIN.

force, commanded by Abercrombie, and failed, with fearful loss of life. They did not give up, however, but finally captured it with a large force under General Amherst in 1759. The Americans captured it with a squad of men under Ethan Allen in 1775, and it fell into the hands of the English again in 1777.

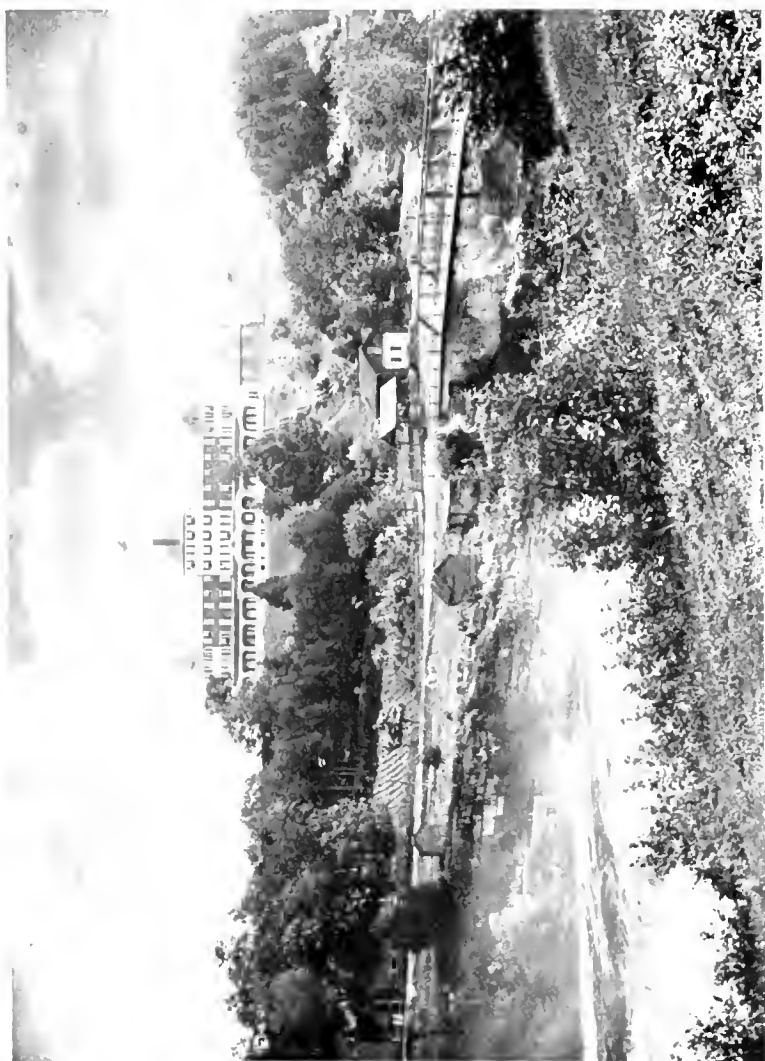
It would seem that the French, English and Americans all wanted it as a child wants a toy, but it never amounted to anything after they got it, for the simple reason that it guarded nothing, protected nothing, and did nothing but furnish a bone of contention over which gallons of human blood were spilled fighting for nothing; hence its early ruin.

Doubtless the heroic capture of the fort by Colonel Allen and his men and the determined ring of his characteristic and brave demand for its surrender did much to bring out the heroic and sturdy character of the American soldier of that time. Who can tell how far the famous words of Colonel Allen went towards convincing our enemy, the English, of the utter hopelessness of ever conquering or subduing such fearless men?

Lake Champlain is 118 miles long, 12 miles at its widest place, and its greatest depth is 399 feet. Its altitude is 99 feet above tide water. Commanding as it does a charming view of the Green Mountains of Vermont and the Adirondacks of New York, and dividing as it also does two States of the United States, with the Dominion of Canada touching its northern end, a trip through it by daylight gives an

interest which it otherwise would not have if located wholly in one State. Such scenery as seen along its route does much to make one feel proud of his American citizenship, and especially is this true when the tourist happens to be a resident of New York or Vermont State. Within the past few years fine summer hotels have been built on the northern shore of the lake, among which is Hotel Champlain, situated about two miles south of Plattsburg on a commanding bluff of sufficient height to permit its guests to look out upon extended and magnificent land and water scenery. The hotel has become somewhat noted, from the fact that it has been honored as the summer outing place of President McKinley.

We spent the night at Hotel Witherell, Plattsburg, 120 miles from Saratoga.



AUSABLE CHASM HOTEL.



AUSABLE CHASM HOTEL.

WYTHROCK & HILLMAN, PHOTOGRAPHERS, CO.

CHAPTER II.

AT AUSABLE CHASM HOTEL.

The committee left Plattsburg on the morning of the 25th of August by team for Ausable Chasm Hotel, at which we arrived at 4 p. m., in time for dinner.

This house is located on the west shore of Lake Champlain on an elevated plateau, and has much to commend it as a summer resort hotel. The Green Mountains in the smoky distance away over in Vermont and the Adirondacks as a background on the New York side, with the placid waters of the lake in front, render the view from the veranda of the hotel captivating, to say the least.

After dinner the committee proceeded to explore the now famous Ausable Chasm, which is beyond dispute one of the most interesting sights that can be found anywhere east of the Rocky Mountains. At the foot of a little hill, sloping northward from the hotel, stands an octagonal house that will bear inspection. It would be well to note the colored lights in its windows, a view from which suggests fairy lands. Passing through the building, after paying the captain in charge for the privilege of the Chasm, including boat ride, we at once descend a long, winding stairway, consisting of a hundred steps or more, until we find ourselves at the bottom of the Chasm. The view from this point looking upstream, even if one goes no farther, is well worth the effort and expense. Rainbow Falls, located

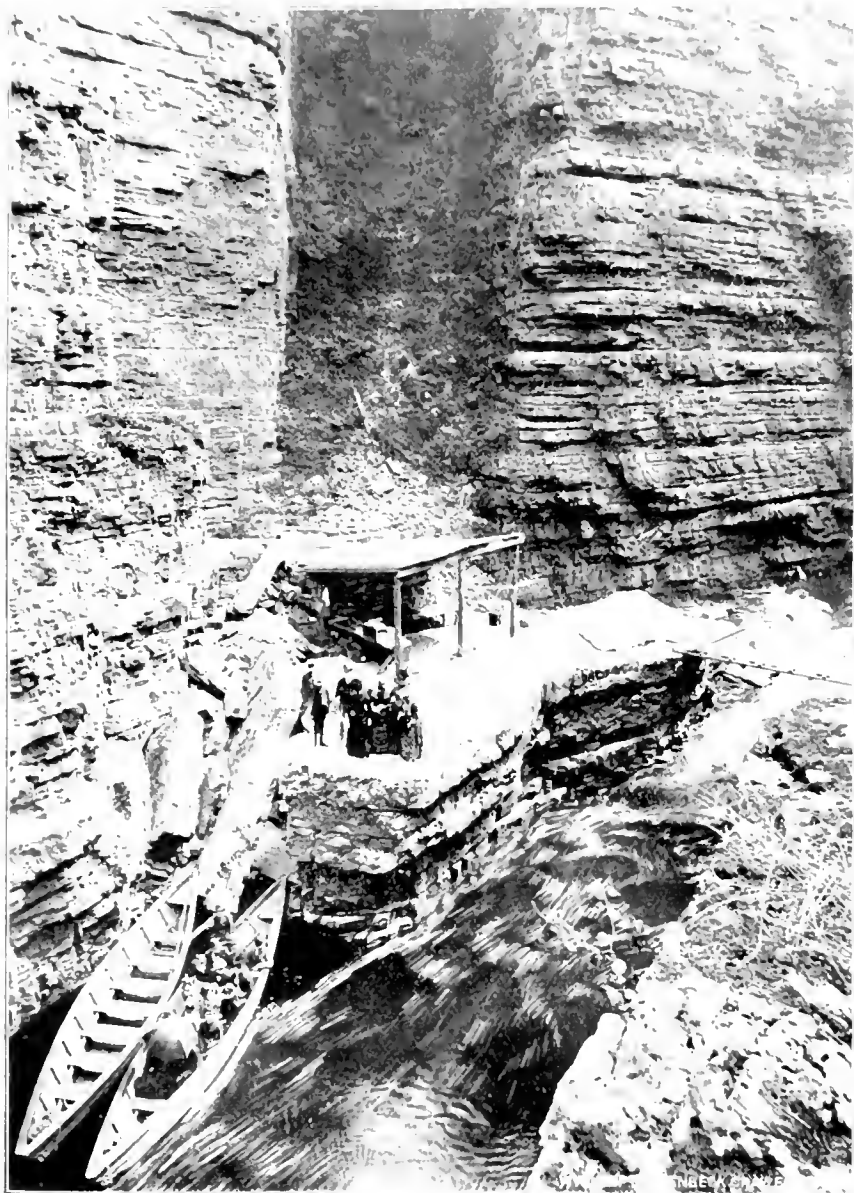
just above, so called on account of its accompanying rainbow on a bright sunny day, with its abrupt descent of the waters of the Ausable River some seventy feet to the rocks below, add to this picture beauties not possessed by any other waterfall in the State, and were it not for the fact that other and more rare attractions divert attention from the beautiful sight, they would be considered less grand of course, but a close second in interest to the Falls of Niagara.

Just below the landing is Horseshoe Falls, where the bright waters of the river are churned into foam by coming in contact with a lot of loose rocks. Still below a few steps the Chasm makes an abrupt turn. Should the tourist turn back here, he will have seen by far the most interesting sight. Looking backward the picture is charmingly beautiful, including as it does Rainbow and Horseshoe Falls. Looking downward, the Chasm with all its grandeur looms up before him. But the guides say there are other and grander sights to come, and you go on up and down, in and out zigzag winding stairs, at the foot of which the initiated look instinctively for the two brazen pillars called Boaz and Jachin, and later, when he ascends the labyrinthian stairways, consisting in this case of innumerable steps, he is still further reminded of the teachings and mysteries of the ancient craft.

Still we go on, passing Pulpit Rock, towering one hundred and thirty-five feet above the surface of the river, noting, as we go, Cleft Rock, with its imaginary elephant's



RAINBOW FALLS. AUSABLE CHASM.



ATTSABLE CHASM TABLE ROCK

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head; still on, over natural pavements of stone, smooth and dry, guarded, however, by an iron rail, lest accidents might frequently occur.

Hell Gate is the next station, at which we connect with a small foot bridge which spans the Chasm at this point leading to a cave framed into the solid rock. Still the traveler marches on, noting as he does so the Devil's Punch Bowl, Jacob's Well, Mystic Gorge, Point of Rocks, Hyde's Cave, Smuggler's Pass and the Post Office, where everyone is expected to leave his card or print, paint or engrave his name among the clefts of the adjacent rocks for the benefit of those who follow him. All the places named have histories of more or less interest.

After about one mile's walk up and down wooden stairways, in many places bolted to the sides of the Chasm, and over long stone sidewalks, formed by setbacks in the trap formation of the Chasm walls, the boat landing is finally reached, the dock of which is called Table Rock, through a huge crack in the lower edge of which we file into the boat and prepare for a short but novel and exciting boat ride. The boat is of the old Maine lumberman pattern, called the bateau, with bow and stern alike; that is to say, sharp at both ends, manned by a sturdy paddler or gondolier at either end. At command "All aboard," our entire committee, with several tourists, climbed into the old craft, and after counting noses, it was found there were twenty-four passengers in all, which was, according to the boatmen's knowledge, the largest load ever taken down the rapids.

Six rods after the start is an abrupt turn to the right. Around this corner we plunge at once into moderate rapids and run them without distressing effect, and then drift along with the current through the Grand Flume, the rocks on either side rising vertically upward nearly two hundred feet. At this point one experiences much the same feeling as if he were in a deep well. However, that experience is short, for just before us appear more rapids, this time larger, more hazardous and exciting than before—indeed, rocks were in sight beneath the milky wave. Once the boat impinged upon one of them, sending a copious splash of water over the passengers, and giving the writer a good soaking. Experienced boatmen would have doubtless pronounced the undertaking somewhat dangerous, but our brawny gondoliers said there was no danger, all of which we did not believe. We made the rapids safely, and a few minutes later floated down to the flat rocks, which served as a landing wharf at the foot of the Chasm, upon which we disembarked, muttering the words of Will Carleton:

“To appreciate Heaven well,

It is good for man to have some fifteen minutes of hell.”

We were told that the Chasm was about two miles long, and that its deepest place was 200 feet. This statement will bear discounting, in our judgment, at least twenty-five per cent., but the committee were unanimous in pronouncing it one of the most wonderful exhibitions of Dame Nature's handiwork on this continent.



AUSABLE CHASM—GRAND PLUME FROM NARROWS UP.

After passing through the Chasm a reflective mind is led to imagine the design of the builder and the ways and means of its construction. When and how was it made? There are two theories. One is erosion, or the wearing action of water, and the other, upheaval or disruption. Very little evidence can be found to substantiate the former theory, except perhaps an example of rock boring about halfway down and upon the west side of the Chasm, called Jacob's Well. Unmistakably water-working results are here seen, and must have been of long duration. The well is a round hole, twenty feet deep and some thirty inches across, which has been bored into the solid rock by the grinding of a loose stone in some sort of whirlpool action of the water when the stream ran at that level. Aside from this exhibition very few evidences of erosion are seen. On the other hand, there is an abundance of evidence to prove that convulsion or disruption did the work. The absence of smoothing or wearing action of the waters on the rocky sides of the canyon; in some places immense masses of rock on both sides of the Chasm walls of the same thickness, having the appearance of having been parted and burst asunder by convulsion, which, if again joined, would fit like paper on the wall, while in others exactly contrary conditions exist: corresponding strata found perhaps on one side twenty feet above the other, plainly proving that one side must have received a greater convulsive shock than the other. All this was visible to the eye. The set-backs in the rocky walls

of the Chasm which are parallel to it, all opening up stream, are quite numerous and in some places rather deep. The caves all opening down stream, furnish evidence enough to satisfy the most skeptical of its origin.

It would seem that the great geologist Dana has furnished about the best reason for its cause. He says:

"During the glacial and the next following, the Champlain epoch, there was an upward and downward movement of the lands in the vicinity of the St. Lawrence river and Lake Champlain — upward during the glacial and downward during the Champlain. Sea border deposits, such as the remains of whales and sea shells, found in the vicinity of Lake Champlain clearly prove that the lake was once a deep bay opening into the St. Lawrence river, which was an arm of the sea."

Doubtless during the glacial epoch this crack in the earth was made, and was crowded full of earth and stones by glacial action, which was afterwards washed out when the ice melted.

Good roads prevail on the eastern slopes of the Adirondacks, which enabled the committee to greatly enjoy the twelve-mile trip from the Chasm to Ausable Forks, our route skirting the bank of the Ausable River nearly all the way. It was a charming ride through a beautiful valley. Our chairman, Mr. Pierce, having been born and raised in Clinton county, was able to point out to us many places which years ago were models of industry, teeming with life and labor, such as rolling mills, forges, foundries, nail

factories and iron making plants, all of which were carried on successfully on the banks of the Ausable within his memory. Now old buildings, smoke-blackened, windowless, leaky, water-soaked and tumbled down, is all that remains of these extensive industries. Strange as it may seem, such old ruins add to the picturesqueness of the scenery, for the reason that nature when left alone is a better landscape maker and painter than human architects.

A few miles east of the Forks, at a point where the river and road almost intersect, and where no evidence whatever was in sight to prove that it had ever been inhabited, Chairman Pierce halted the teams and called the committee together, not for the purpose, as he said, of transacting any particular business, but for social reasons. Back from the river bank a few rods are the outlines of what appeared to be a house foundation, marked, however, by no underpinning stone, for none were used in the log house basements in those days. After the committee had assembled around this ancient cellar, Captain Pierce made the following announcement: "Seventy-two years ago to-day, at about this hour, in a log house that then stood on the very spot where we now stand, I was born. Sergeant Crawford, ask the gentlemen what they will take." It is, perhaps, needless to state that we all took mountain dew in the shape of spring water that bubbled to the surface in a neighboring hill side, and proceeded to give the old veteran of iron-making history and of our civil war three rousing cheers and wished him many happy returns of his birthday.

Resuming our journey, we arrive at Ausable Forks at about six o'clock, which is a little hamlet of about 500 inhabitants and the home of Senator George Chahoon of the Thirty-first Senatorial district. A sub-committee, consisting of Ives from St. Lawrence and Miller from Erie, at once waited upon the Senator, who cordially welcomed the committee, and after supper proceeded to show us the place by gaslight, or rather by moonlight, for the town is a little shy of gas. In answer to the question as to the number of its inhabitants, the doughty Senator said that in his judgment "Our city is a little larger than Ogdensburg, in St. Lawrence county;" and yet, on being cross-questioned, he admitted that they were a trifle short of 500 inhabitants. Escorted by the Senator and his secretary, Mr. Rogers, the committee visited their sulphite pulp mill, which is located about a mile above the village, and which we inspected with much interest and some pain, knowing full well that it was one of the greatest forest destroyers known to man. We were informed that it was one of the largest factories of its kind in America; that its capacity was fifty tons of pulp per day, 125 cords of spruce wood being ground up every twenty-four hours. The mill is lighted by electricity, and a visit to it at night, passing through its wet, dingy and in some places dark corridors reminds one of a coal mine. There can be no disputing the fact that this and similar wood gormandizers are the most effective forest destroyers on earth.



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KEENE VALLEY, SOUTH FROM PROSPECT HILL.

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CHAPTER III.

AT ST. HUBERT'S INN.

We again continue our trip by teams from the Forks to St. Hubert's Inn, a distance of twenty-four miles. Our road, an exceptionally good one, lay along the west branch of the Ausable River and up the famous Keene Valley, sometimes called the Switzerland of America, which is perhaps a little overdrawn, yet there is no disputing the fact that the scenery along this valley has but few rivals on the American continent.

At intervals along the route, evidences of ancient thrift and industry are noticeable; standing chimneys of old forges, tumble-down iron mills and vacant tenement houses, once filled by the families of the iron makers; also, occasionally an empty shack used by charcoal burners, beside the still standing kilns that were once used for making charcoal. Before the flood of 1856, the birthday of the downfall of the industries along that river, charcoal was used to melt the ores into pig or half-bloom iron.

We passed through the villages of Upper and Lower Jay, Keene Center and Keene Valley, the latter being a summer outing place of some note, which has some very fine-looking hotels, at which we did not stop, as we were bound for the head of Keene Valley, or St. Hubert's Inn, where we arrived at 2 o'clock p. m., extravagantly hungry.

for it has been clearly demonstrated that man cannot subsist on mountain air and scenery, no matter how much the former may be charged with ozone or the latter with Swiss-like beauty. Hence, with appetites sharpened by a six hours' buckboard ride, we proceeded to do full justice to the excellent dinner for which the famous hostelry is noted.

St. Hubert, for whom the inn was named, was the son of Bertrand, Duke of Guienne, a keen hunter, and, like Saul of Tarsus, was at first an unbeliever and given to wicked ways. For this reason, perhaps, he would not be stopped from hunting on church holy-days. Being out hunting one Good Friday, a stag appeared to him, having a shining crucifix between his antlers, and he heard a warning voice. The legend does not state what became of the deer, but it does say that the holy-day breaker was converted, and adds that ever after St. Hubert became the patron saint of the hunters.

The inn is located at a high elevation, and yet the mountains that surround and tower above it give its location a sort of an amphitheater-like appearance. It is situated nearly in the center of what is said to have been the old farm of Smith Beede, where he and his son Orlando found themselves forced, in self-defense, to become landlords, on account of the healthy locality.

Many noted Adirondack mountains are in plain view from the veranda of the hotel, two of which are perhaps worthy of note. Directly east from the hotel is seen Giant



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ST. HUBERT'S INN, KEENE VALLEY

Mountain, with its exalted peak timberless and bare and the appearance of having had a big tub of whitewash spilled down its side. A closer inspection may prove it to be lime rock, but if it is geologists will wonder how it got there, for lime rock is the product of animal life. If it is lime, it must have been planted there during the Champlain epoch, when even that old Titan that now stands 4,530 feet above tide was then under water. Noonmark Mountain, directly south from the hotel, is noted not so much for its height, it being only 3,540 feet above tide, but because the sun at high twelve shines directly down on its densely timbered top, leaving no shadows behind.

There are two fine side trips from the hotel, one of which we made on the afternoon of our arrival. Between Round Top and Giant Mountain, in fact, pasted up against or dug out of the side of the former, is a fairly good wagon road leading to Port Henry, 20 miles away. Three miles up this road is Chappel Pond. By means of a tally-ho coach the committee reached this pond at four o'clock p. m. Its being located on State land gave it an additional interest. Why it bore the name of Chappel no one seems to know; moreover, we failed to see any suggestion that would warrant the name, for it is nothing but a huge puddle of clear water, held in place in a bowl-shaped hole in the mountain's side, fed by springs, as there is no apparent inlet. Various kinds of trout inhabit its waters. It is about 50 rods across, nearly round, 2,000 feet above tide, and is chiefly remarkable for its distinctive echoes. The pre-

cliffitous side of the mountain which rises abruptly skyward on its western banks arrests and sends back sounds almost as plain as the original. It did not take our city friends long to find this out, and for the next hour such expressions as, "Hey, Rube!" "Hello, Farmer!" "Ah, there, Hunter!" etc., were vociferously shouted across the pond. So plainly were their words returned that it took some time to convince our tender-footed city friends that there was not some hayseed hunter over on the mountain side plainly hurling back as good as they sent.

Our return to the hotel was made on the top of a ponderous tally-ho coach, drawn by four horses, at railroad speed, most of the way down frightfully steep hills, with the abrupt side of the mountain on our left and a yawning gulch on our right, a glance into which suggested the question of what would become of us should a wheel run off its axle on our right. Fortunately we had an old Rocky Mountain expert handling the reins, and we made the hotel in safety, arriving there about dark.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ADIRONDACK MOUNTAIN RESERVE.

Promptly at 6.30 the next morning the voice of Archie Stewart Hamilton, Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms (the Sergeant is a whilom Bowery detective), was heard ringing through the upper corridors of the St. Hubert, shouting, "Time! Gentlemen! Time!" His voice had so much of the prize ring character that we concluded it meant business, so obeyed with alacrity, and were soon on our way again with the same outfit, to-wit, the mammoth tally-ho of the mountain ride of the day before.

Before starting out on our day's journey, however, we were prevailed upon to make another side trip to the Lower Ausable Lake, three miles west over a very fine woods road, built, we were informed, by a private club, called the Adirondack Mountain Reserve, who own forty square miles of land in that vicinity. No timber is allowed to be cut, nor, up to the present time, has hunting been permitted on the preserve. Fishing is allowed in the lakes, by and with the consent of the resident superintendent in charge. The forest, extending all the way from the inn to the lakes, having never been lumbered, still retains its primeval outlines, with its mammoth hemlock, spruce, pine, maple, ash, birch and beech, all growing on the same soil, side by side,

each one in harmony with the other, the maple not asking the hemlock why it does not put on a lighter suit in summer, nor the hemlock flinging back that it is better so than to go naked in winter; or the birch to the pine, "You are too soft for your company," but all minding their own business, that of growing up towards high heaven, thereby exemplifying nature's example of harmony. If human beings would profit by their example, this would indeed be a happy world.

And yet the praiseworthy regulation on the part of the club's management to preserve the game and the woods in their primeval state is severely and roundly condemned by the old hunters and guides of that section, who complain that the rights and privileges which they have enjoyed freely since their birth have been curtailed and interfered with by such private ownership. Wide open laws in regard to timber and game seem to be what they most desire, which, if permitted, would speedily reduce the Adirondack lands to barren waste and destroy all its wild game, which is one of its chief attractions.

We often hear it said that the State cannot prevent the unlawful killing of game. This is a nonsensical mistake. Private preserves succeed very well in protecting game on their grounds, and why not the State on its lands, for surely the many ought to be stronger than the few. If more economy were observed in forest affairs, and the resultant savings used for procuring more competent and better paid protectors, appointing as such practical, experi-



CASCADE LAKES.

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enced guides and old hunters who are especially well fitted to fill the office of game protectors, then and in that case the illegal slaughter of game in our forests would speedily stop.

The want of time prevented a close inspection of the Upper and Lower Ausable Lakes, but enough was seen of them to satisfy us that they were veritable gems of the first water, being among the first bodies of water formed on this continent. Imagine a deep notch between two lofty mountains filled with clear cold water, and you have the picture before you. They are each about two miles long and are river like in appearance, for in no place are they over one-half mile wide. A visit to these lakes is well worth the making.

Returning again to the inn, we at once proceeded on our journey to Lake Placid, a ride of 24 miles, by tally-ho, our route being at first down the mountain to the village of Keene Valley, thence up, up, up until we reach the height of land, then down again, over the worst roads we have seen thus far, which lead through a defile or notch between Pitch Off and Long Pond Mountain, skirting the banks of the Lower Cascade Lake on its northern side. We reached Cascade House for dinner. This house is located at a point where a narrow strip of land separates the upper from the lower lake, and takes its name from the cascade or a slender thread of water that comes tumbling over the mountain directly in front of the house, making, it is said, a plunge of 700 feet. Nature has done much for this place,

and has furnished a problem for the students of geology to solve along the line of erosion or water action. The upper lake is some four feet higher than the lower, and is separated from it by about eight rods of land. There is abundant evidence that at one time both lakes were one and that the separation was made by a landslide down the precipitous sides of the mountain, softened and pushed along by a much larger stream of water than the present one. The track of the slide can be plainly traced even now, notwithstanding the fact that it must have taken place ages ago, as large forest trees are to-day standing on the ground of the divide.

The house is well kept, and is said to be noted for its trout dinners. The trout, however, failed to materialize on the date of our visit, and whitefish were substituted fresh from Fulton market, New York.

The balance of the day's trip of 10 miles to Lake Placid was over good roads, through an old farming section of fairly fertile looking lands, and we arrived at the Stevens House at six o'clock, where we halted for the night.



JOHN BROWN FARM AND HOMESTEAD.

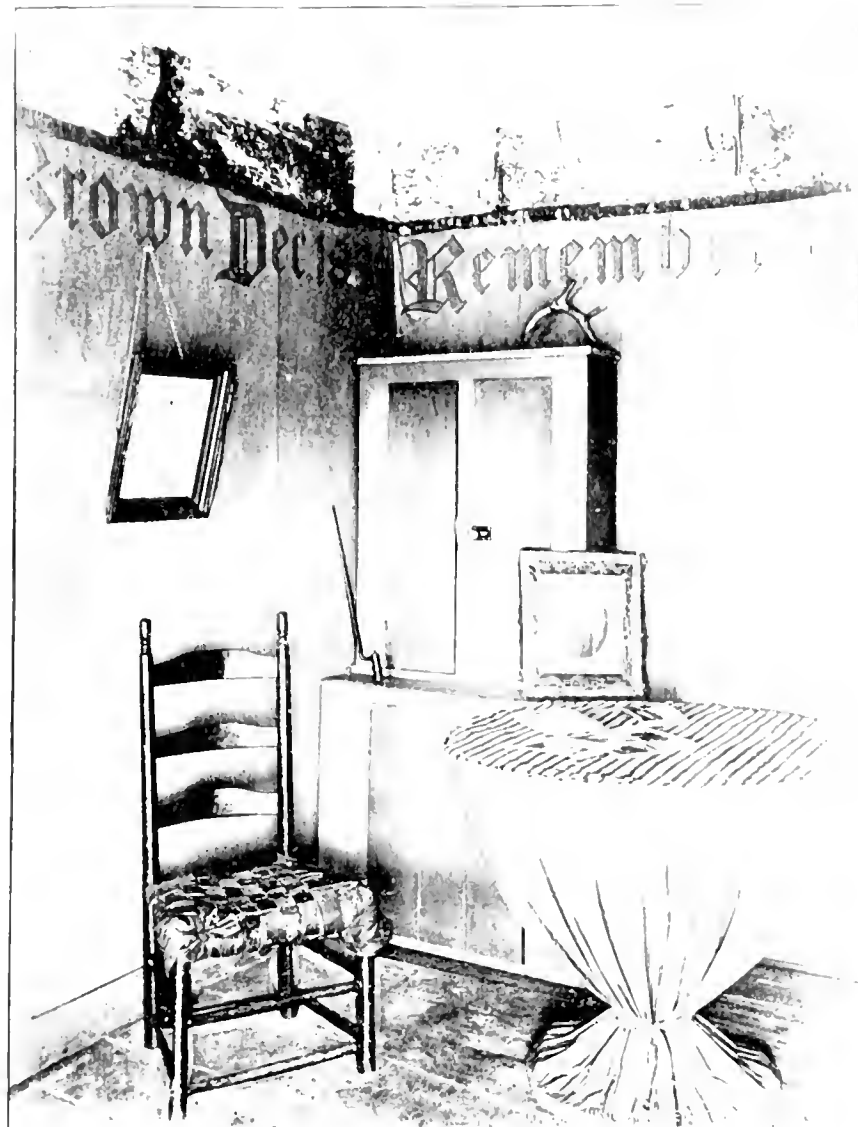
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CHAPTER V.

VISH TO JOHN BROWN'S GRAVE.

The morning broke a little misty and cloudy, leaving the committee in doubt as to just what work to take up for the day. Finally it was decided to visit John Brown's grave, which is situated on a plateau of cleared land called Brown's farm, some three miles south of the hotel, in the direction of Mount Marcy. The farm must be credited with occupying one of the most commanding and sightly locations in the State, but beyond that it has but little to recommend it. We were told that the land was first cleared and cultivated by that singular old man. It is possible that he succeeded in raising something of a crop on its light sandy soil immediately after the first burning away of its timber, but to-day it is about the most worthless and barren farm in the State. Seemingly no thrifty attempt is being made to raise a crop at the present time by its ancient old keeper, one Reuben Lawrence, who rents the place for the annual sum of fifty dollars. The only crop visible was about one acre of stunted, dwarfed oats, half eaten by grasshoppers. Quite likely the old fellow prefers to live on tourists rather than grain, and judging this to be so, he was liberally remembered by the Adirondack Committee of 1898. The old house is still standing in the center of the clearing, once occupied by Osawatonic Brown, in which he spent some of the most important

years of his eventful life. Evidently special care has been taken to preserve it. It contains a little seven-by-nine room on the east side, which was used by the old man as his study or office; in which, doubtless, the old martyr planned and organized one of the most (at least so it seemed at that time) foolhardy campaigns ever conceived in the brain of man, which was, in short, to establish headquarters somewhere in the Southern States, arm the negroes with spears, if nothing better presented itself, and thus equipped with such a rabble to free the slaves of the South. He had just twenty-two men, all told, when he opened fire, and in the skirmish that followed all the invaders who were not killed were taken prisoners, and subsequently tried for treason and murder by the Virginia authorities, Brown being sentenced to be hung on the 2d and his companions on the 16th of December, 1859. The enterprise was a hopeless and rash one, but there was an honest purpose behind the undertaking that appealed to the dormant sense of the people of the nation, convincing them that while Brown was wrong in his methods he was right in principle; hence, the first guns fired by him at Harpers Ferry were the opening guns of the Civil War that ensued, and which we all now know accomplished just what Brown set out to accomplish, the freedom of the colored race. In one corner of the little office stands one of those primitive tables, home made, and easily constructed by taking two large barrel heads and separating them by a staff in the center, after which it is clothed with a curtain from one



JOHN BROWN'S OFFICE.

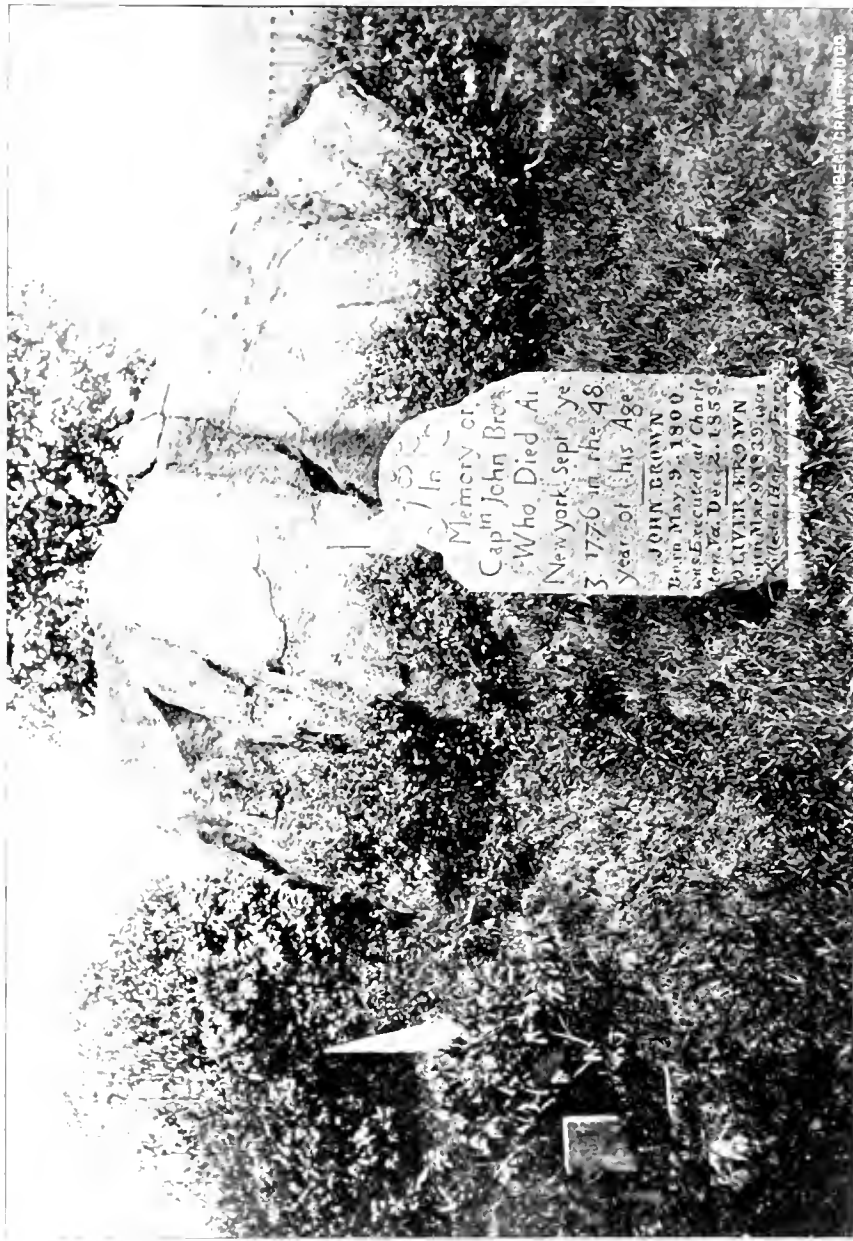
head to the other, with a ribbon tied midway between the top and the bottom, which arrangement covers a multitude of ugliness. On this table is an old ink stand and beside that a rusty pen and stock, with which the old man wrote out the enlistment papers and his sons and neighbors signed their innocent lives away.

Many other personal curios of his are scattered about the little den, among which is an old musket bayonet, said to have been used by the Browns at Harpers Ferry. Fastened to its walls is a small cupboard, two by three feet in height, in which we were told he kept his extensive library. It is now used for mercantile purposes, for upon its little shelves are stored small cakes of maple sugar, the sale of which is one of the perquisites of the said keeper, Reuben Lawrence. Very little change has been made in the room since the old man left in 1859. Directly in front of the study door, and but a few feet from it, stands a big granite rock, somewhat resembling Plymouth Rock in size and shape, upon the side of which toward the house are engraved the letters "J. B.," John Brown's own handiwork; and on its southern sloping top surface someone has engraved the following: "John Brown, Dec. 2nd, 1859," the date of his execution. Inclosing and closely surrounding the rock is an old slat fence, rotten with age, leaning at all angles or standing in various degrees of toppling uncertainty, seemingly ready to fall at the slightest push. Upon its western, or house, side the fence incloses a few feet of ground upon which in places are clumps of wild rose-

bushes, and within this inclosure, under a grass-grown mound, "John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave." At the head of the grave stands a thin slab of granite, three feet high by two feet wide, fashioned after the style of grave markers of one hundred years ago. It would seem that the Brown family must have been a little shy of gravestones, for it would appear that this one has done posthumous duty over the graves of the whole race, for upon the upper front face of the stone is engraved in the quaint letters of ye olden time the following: "In memory of Captain John Brown, who died at New York, Sept. Ye 3, 1776, in the 42nd year of his age."

And just below this inscription appears: "John Brown, born May 9th, 1800. Was executed at Charlestown, Va., Dec. 2, 1859." And still below, close down among the grass stubble, upon its face, the following: "Oliver Brown. Born May 9th, 1839. Was killed at Harpers Ferry Oct. 17th, 1859." And on the back, or grave side, of the stone, is lettered the following legend: "In memory of Frederick, son of John and Dianth Brown, born Dec. 31st, 1830, and murdered at Osawatomie, Kansas, Aug. 30th, 1856, for his adherence to the cause of freedom."

All the available surface on both sides of the stone having been utilized, still another of John Brown's sons (on account of lack of space) has no marker over his grave, that of Watson Brown, who was born October 7, 1835, and was wounded at Harpers Ferry, taken prisoner, and died October 19, 1859. After his death, on account of his



Memory of
Cap'n John Brown
Who Died At
New York Sept. 20
3, 1859 in the 48
Year of his Age

JOHN BROWN
Born May 9, 1800.
was Executed at Charle-
ton Ya. Dec. 2, 1859.

OLIVER BROWN
Born Mar 9, 1839, near
Killed at Harper's Ferry

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JOHN BROWN'S GRAVE

being considered a criminal, his body was given to the medical college at Winchester, Va., and was by them preserved as an anatomical specimen until the close of the Civil War. When the town was captured by the Union forces his wire-hinged bones fell into the hands of an Indiana army surgeon and were kept by him as a curiosity until in 1882, when they were brought to North Elba for more decent interment. It was the verdict of the committee that the medical fraternity, on account of benefits they may have received after his death, owe it to this martyr that he be now furnished with a suitable headstone.

We are told by the old gate-keeper that it was the wish and request of John Brown that this headstone of his father be brought from Canton, Conn., and used as a grave marker for the Brown family, at the foot of the "Big Rock." We were also informed that it was the custom of that pious old man to daily kneel and pray on the very spot where his grave is now located, at the base of the granite boulder, and ask God for his guiding support and instruction in the hazardous undertaking upon which he was about to enter; that he spent many and many a whole night upon that ground in prayer, fervently asking God for His consent to his plans, and after obtaining it, as he supposed he did, he ceased making supplications at that altar, and proceeded with his scheme, fully persuaded that he was acting by and with the consent of the Great Father of us all.

Just east and but a few feet from the "Big Rock," upon a natural granite boulder base, stands a beautiful monu-

ment, size 4x4, and 10 feet high, weighing about twelve tons, made of granite, with one side polished, upon which are the following words and names :

“JOHN BROWN FARM.

“Donated to the People of the State of New York by Kate Field, LeGrand B. Cannon, Salem H. Wales, William H. Lee, D. Rudolph Martin, Jackson S. Shultz, Elliot C. Cowden, Sinclair Towsey, Anna Young Watson, Isaac H. Bailey, Henry Clews, Chas. Stewart Smith, Geo. Cabot Ward, Geo. A. Robins, Chas. C. Judson, Horace B. Claffin, John E. Williams, Thomas Murphy.

A. D. 1896.”

This act was thoughtful and commendable, and a worthy tribute to that old man who was condemned and hung as a criminal, and yet to-day occupies a niche in the history of our nation; if not to be envied, he will be remembered as long as our Union shall last. It has been said that the true monument of John Brown is Mount Marcy, near the foot of which his grave is located, but, permitting the writer to be a judge, there can be no more fitting and appropriate monument erected and dedicated to his memory, either by nature or by the hand of man, than that simple big granite rock, at the foot of which, by his own request, he lies buried; where, upon its sides, he chiseled his own name, and where, at its base, he was wont to nightly kneel and humbly ask God for His divine guidance in his great and dangerous work of freedom for the black race.



JOHN BROWN MONUMENT.

After the committee had carefully inspected all the historical surroundings, some eloquent and touching remarks were made by several of its members, after which we left the place solemnly chanting that great American requiem,

“John Brown’s body lies mouldering in the grave,
But his soul goes marching on.”

On our return to the hotel we were treated to a delightful drive around Mirror Lake, witnessing on our trip a unique game of ball, for which the Stevens House ball grounds are celebrated, in which nine stalwart young men were defeated by a like number of charming young ladies, guests at the hotel.

CHAPTER VI.

THE STEVENS HOUSE.

The Stevens House is located on an elevated strip of land midway between Lake Placid and Mirror Lake. The view obtained from the piazza of that house may be excelled in Switzerland, but that question is debatable, to say the least. The hotel site is one of the most elevated in the Adirondacks, being two hundred feet above the neighboring country and two thousand and sixty-three feet above tide water; yet so much higher are the mountain ranges that surround it that it has the appearance of being at the bottom of a large basin. Those who have visited the Rocky Mountains, and have looked off from their mighty peaks and noted the effect of magnificent distances there exemplified, will, I am sure, agree with the writer that while the effect may be grander on the Rockies, yet it is less satisfying than the view obtained from the steps of the Stevens House at Lake Placid. If the reader will take the trouble and expense to visit the place in midsummer, and upon the first fair day view the surrounding country from the southeast corner of the Stevens House piazza, if he be a true lover of nature, he will not feel inclined to join issue with the writer in what he has said or may say in regard to the locality.

Near at hand, in fact almost at your very feet, are two charmingly beautiful lakes. On your right is Mirror Lake,



STEVENS HOUSE, LAKE PLACID AND MIRROR LAKE.

WILLIAM HALLIBROOK CAPTAIN U.S.A.



LOWER SARANAC LAKE.

with its shining surface upturned to the sky, and on your left Lake Placid, so hemmed in by bold banks of surrounding hills and mountains and hidden from the winds that it rarely ever forfeits its peaceful name. Let your eyes move slowly up towards high Heaven, noting as you do so the effect of the dense foliage on the mountain sides, and behold a score or more of the loftiest peaks of the Adirondacks, including at least four of its highest mountains, to-wit, Mount Marcy, 5,344; Mount McIntyre, 5,112; The Gothics, 4,905, and Old Whiteface, 4,871 feet above tide water.

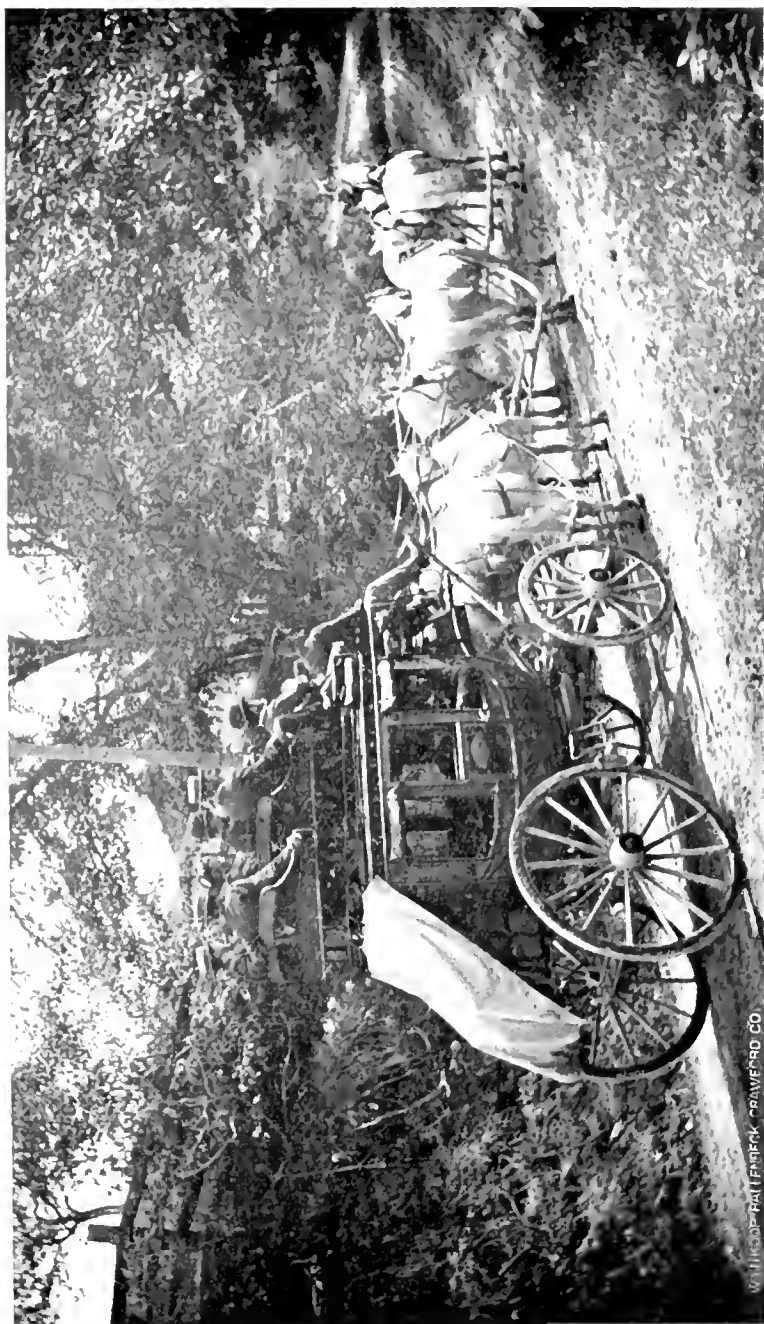
It has been said that the Adirondack wilderness is the "Garden of the Gods." If this be true, then the chief gardener's headquarters should be located on the dividing bluff between Lake Placid and Mirror Lake, Essex county, New York.

We left the Stevens House at ten o'clock a. m., by teams over the old State road, for Lower Saranac Lake, a distance of eleven miles. After soaring as high as seemed to be necessary in the Lake Placid region, it is something of a fall to come down to Mother Earth again, especially when you light on one of her most barren and man-forsaken countries. Such, however, is the character of the country between there and Lower Saranac Lake. It has three redeeming features. The road is good, you occasionally catch a glimpse of a far-off mountain peak, and about a mile before the lake is reached you pass through the thriving village of Saranac. Evidences of thrift and

prosperity are apparent through the little burg, and if not interfered with by setbacks it will be able to challenge the "City of Malone" for rivalry in the near future.

We arrived at the Hotel Algonquin, at the foot of the Lower Saranac, in time for dinner, which the committee much enjoyed, because it was a good one; very few hotels set a better table than the Algonquin. This hotel and its near neighbor, the Ampersand, are noted for their good cheer and their cool, breezy location.

The afternoon was spent in inspecting the lake, which was done in a small naphtha launch chartered for that purpose. It is pretty, but not extravagantly so. Its rocky shores and bluff banks add to its picturesqueness, but not to its availability for camp sites. There are a few fine private camps at the lower end of the lake. The Ampersand and Algonquin, two very fine hotels, are located at or near its foot, and are so situated on the lake that they receive its cooling breezes, which adds much to their comfort in summer.



TALLY-HO COACH

WILLIAM PATTERSON TRAVEL CO.

CHAPTER VII.

FROM LOWER SARANAC LAKE TO PAUL SMITH'S.

Quite likely the chariot of Ben Hur, which had all the spring of its iron axle, was a more tiresome vehicle to ride in for a long distance than the old-fashioned Concord tally-ho coaches that are still in use in some places to-day; but if so, Ben was entitled to sympathy. Such a coach was provided for our committee from the Lower Saranac Lake to Paul Smith's. At times its passengers were all jumbled up together like the players of a football team, and yet we enjoyed the ride, as our crowded condition enabled us to be amused at each other's agony. Such old-time carriages are set up on tug-like straps called thorough braces, which impart to the old tub a sort of a rocking motion when moving, but the trouble is there always seems to be something under the rockers which arrests the motion when about halfway over and causes your body to pitch forward and then suddenly to be jerked back with such force as to threaten muscular rheumatism; then perhaps the next shock will be a side-tipping motion, which will be sure to make porous plasters necessary for both sides and back, and so on you go "yankety yank" until every bone in your body is broken once and the long ones three times, and when you are reduced to boneless jelly you simply let yourself loose and say, "Let her go; I can

stand it as long as you can." That is the only way one can ever enjoy a ride in such an old crate on wheels.

Before leaving the vicinity of the lake, the committee visited the Adirondack Sanitarium. To the robust and healthy, this place is not quite so charming as it might be, but when we stop to consider the great good it is doing for the poor sufferers from lung troubles, we are compelled to say that it ought to be visited by more well persons, that they may know the good that is being done here. The sanitarium, which consists of a complete set of the necessary buildings to carry on the work, is located about a mile from the lake, in a notch between two mountains, whose thick timbered sides are covered with spruce, pine and balsam, thereby almost having an atmosphere of its own, as the surrounding hills serve to fence out foreign winds; hence, it reaps all the health-giving benefits which are said to be carried in the odors of the pine and balsam.

This institution is but little known, and for this reason does not receive a just appreciation. The following is its brief history:

Some fourteen or fifteen years ago Dr. Edward L. Trudeau, while on a visit to that section for the benefit of his health, being himself afflicted with lung trouble, conceived the noble idea of building a sanitarium for the benefit of sufferers from incipient pulmonary complaints. Starting with no other capital than a good cause, it has steadily grown from an experiment to a certainty; from a few patients to many, as its last report will show, to wit:

| | |
|---|----------|
| Number of patients treated during year ending | |
| November 1, 1897 | 217 |
| Discharged apparently cured | 36 |
| With disease arrested | 32 |
| Unimproved or failed | 26 |
| Died | <u>1</u> |

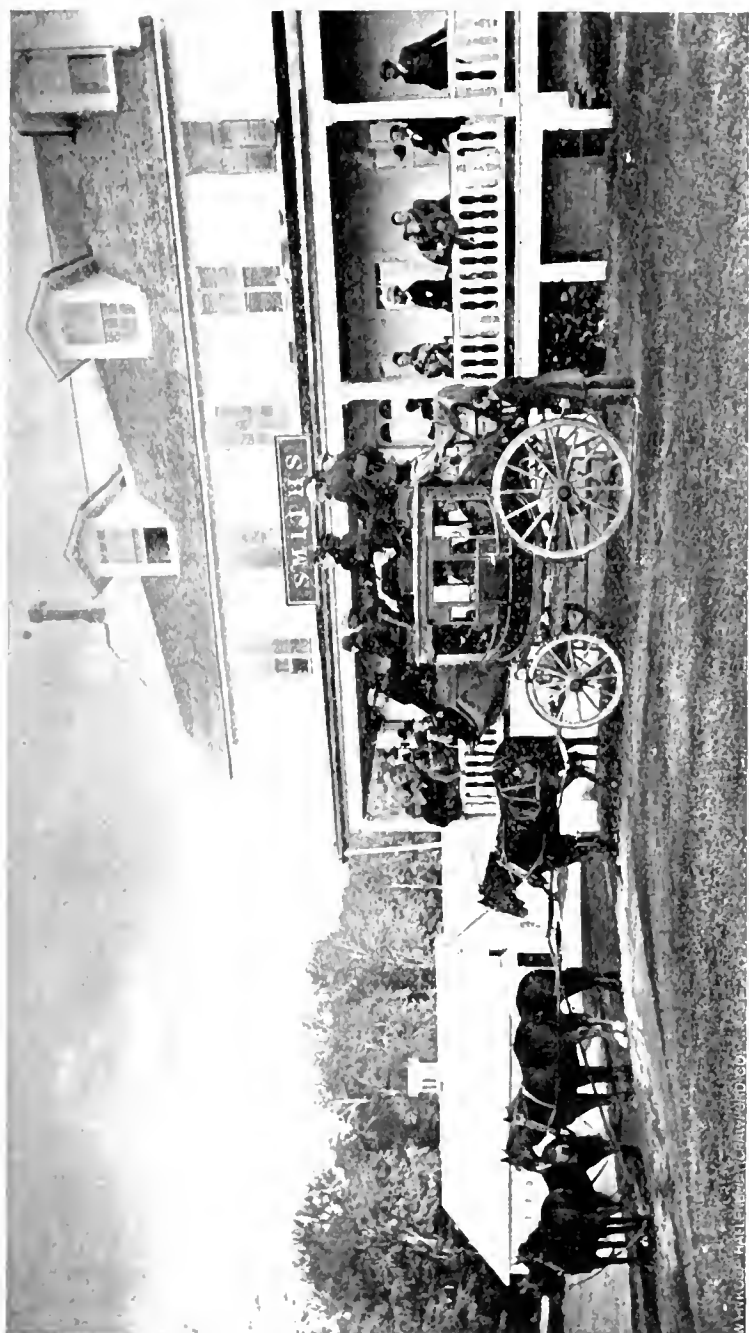
Any poor person afflicted with lung trouble, living in the State, who has not reached the stage of hopeless incurability can be admitted there and boarded and treated for the remarkably low price of \$5 per week, providing there is a vacancy, for we were informed that the institution was being run at its full capacity at the present time. Our committee spent an hour of deep interest looking over this hospital, and came away fully convinced that a little State aid would not be out of place in the way of encouragement to its promoters.

Our route to-day is along and over the old Northwest Bay road, which was cut and worked through the dense wilderness some 100 years ago to facilitate military operations of that date, and later it was called the Fifty-mile Woods road, over which nearly all of the early settlers of western northern New York tramped on foot or drove their ox teams from Vermont to their future homes then in the wilderness on the northern border of this State. The flat lands along this route look as if they had been cleared about the time our Vermont forefathers concluded to go west and grow up with the country. The land is light

and poor along the route, and doubtless the reason for its early settlement was due to the fact that the average Vermont farmer, having been born on a mountain side, and thereby obliged to travel uphill all his life, concluded to stick his stake on the first level piece of land he found and live there, sand or no sand.

We traveled northwest until we reached Paul Smith's station, on the Webb road, and then south about five miles to St. Regis Lake, or Paul Smith's Hotel, where we said good-bye to our tally-ho, as we had no further use for it on our trip. Perhaps more credit is due Paul Smith for promoting the summer hotel business in the Adirondacks than to any other man. A brief history of his hotel life is as follows:

Some time in the latter part of the fifties Paul kept a sort of ten-carat hotel on the northern bank of Loon Lake, near the site of the present Loon Lake House. Not being closely crowded with business during his Loon Lake venture, Paul himself acted as guide to parties who drifted his way. Among the several sportsmen who found their way to Paul's alleged hotel at Loon Lake was a gentleman from New York, a true lover of the woods and a man of wealth. The St. Regis Lake section at that time was one of the very best for hunting and fishing purposes. For this reason Paul, as guide, and his New York friend visited that locality each summer for several seasons on a sporting trip, their camping grounds being on the very spot where the widely famous Paul Smith's Hotel now stands. On



PAUL SMITH'S HOTEL, 1879.

one of these hunting trips, it is said, one night when asleep in his bough camp, this gentleman dreamed the hotel's famous future, with Paul as its managing or presiding genius, and promptly obeying the gig suggested in his dream, he immediately purchased a large section of land in that vicinity, and in the year 1861 Paul left his Loon Lake House (which has since become a noted summer resort) and moved into a small house erected by his New York friend on the very site where stood the bough shack of his Aladdin Palace dream. The venture was a success from the very start, and continued to be so, until to-day it is one of the most noted hostelries in the United States. Its success has not been due to the superior scenery surrounding it, for in that respect it does not equal the old location on Loon Lake, nor does its continued success grow out of the fact that the locality was once a first-class hunting and fishing section, for that has long been a thing of the past, but because its proprietor is an all-around everyday good fellow: hence, while perhaps not the original promoter, Paul Smith is easily the most successful hotel originator in the Adirondacks.

Additions have been made to the original structure, until to-day a mammoth hotel, capable of accommodating four or five hundred guests, now stands at the foot of the little lake called St. Regis. Mr. Smith has added to the first purchase of land until he can truly say,

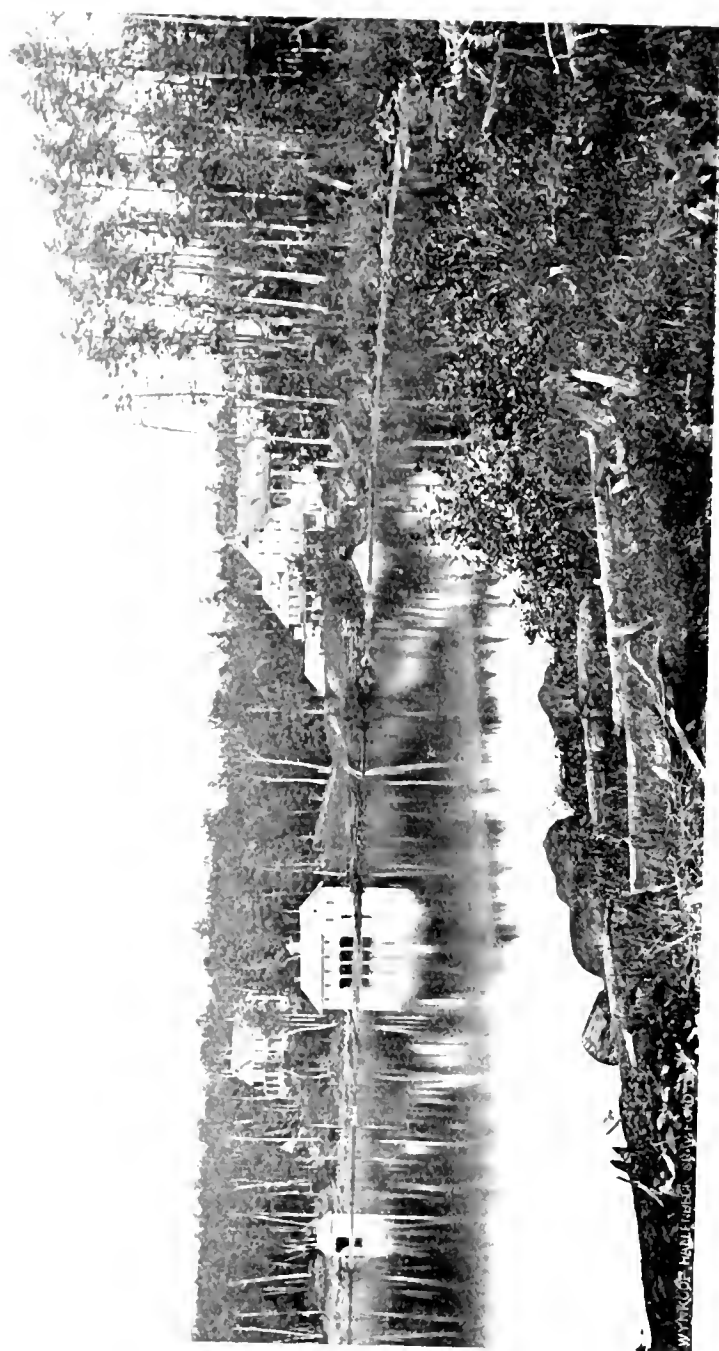
"I am monarch of all I survey,

My rights there are none to dispute,"

which is true in every respect, for everything from a five-dollar-a-day room at his hotel to a five-cent plug of navy tobacco obtained there carries with it a rake-off for Paul Smith. Even his guides pay tribute to him for the privilege of guiding, and last, but not least, his guests cheerfully pay him seventy-five cents for an hour's torture on a tally-ho coach from the railroad station to his house ; but, for all this, which would not be tolerated in the clearing, Paul is always full (no double meaning intended), and always will be, because he knows how to keep a hotel.

After being shown about the hotel by Paul himself, who is now a hale, hearty old man of seventy-two, as full of fun as when a boy, and enjoying an excellent dinner, our committee embarked in seven small boats manned by a similar number of robust guides for a trip through the several lakes and ponds to the Upper Saranac Lake.

Lower St. Regis Lake, the most of which can be seen from the piazzas of the hotel, is an ordinary woods pond, with no especial scenic beauty to recommend it beyond innumerable other lakes of like character to be found in the Adirondack forest. The same may be said of Spitfire Pond, but the Upper Lake has a little more artificial beauty on account of the many elegant private camps located on its shores. The three lakes are practically one, being all joined together by the St. Regis River, to an enlargement of which the lakes owe their origin. We rowed away from Smith's Landing at 2 o'clock p. m., and glided through the three connecting lakes slowly, noting the many pretty camps as



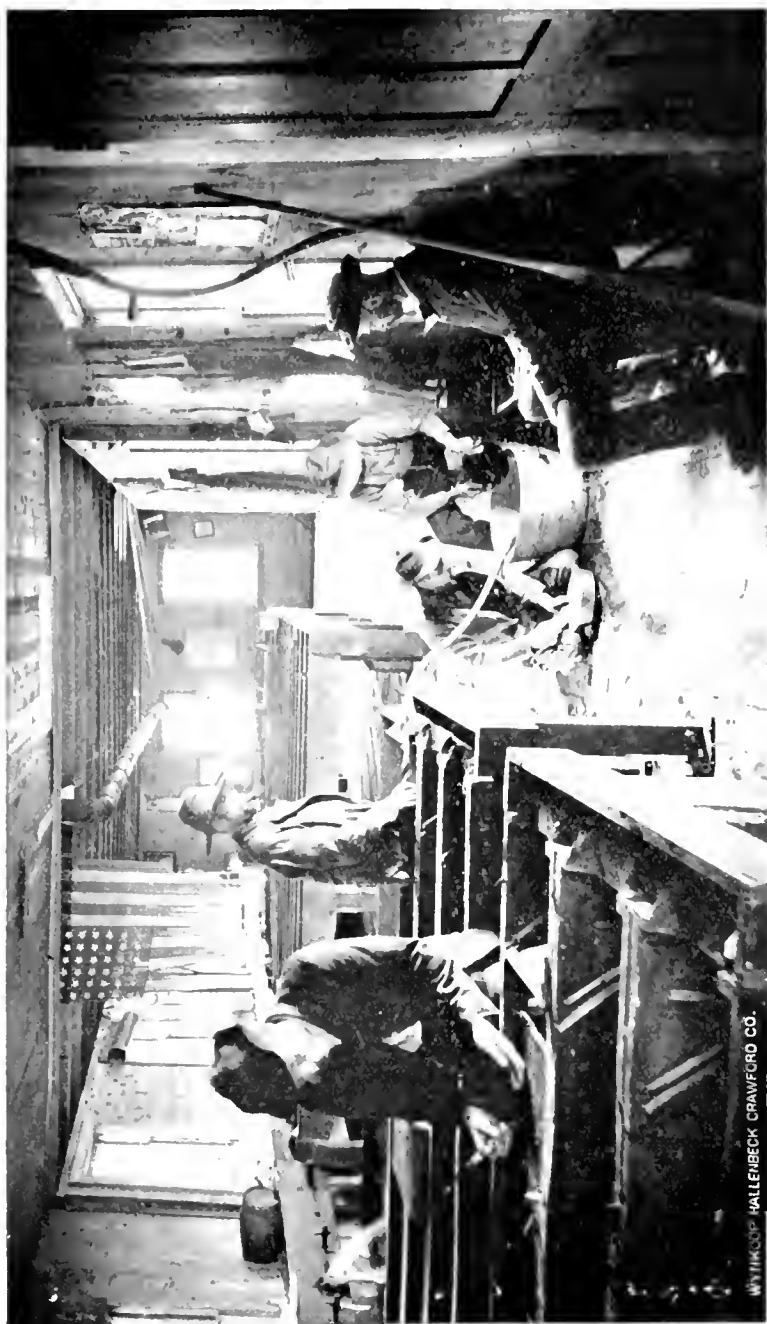
PAUL SMITH'S, ST. REGIS LAKE, 1884.

we passed along, especially those on the Upper St. Regis Lake, among which are those of Whitelaw Reid, Mr. Twombly and others. At the head of one of the most southern points of the Upper Lake the committee met with their first trouble in the shape of a carry, for up to this time our messenger had looked after baggage, but over the carries each one is expected to look after and carry his own. The first carry was short, over a hog back of about six rods, into Bog Pond. Passing through this muddy little puddle, of about sixty rods in length, we encountered another carry of about ten rods, to Bear Pond, a nice clear body of water about one-half mile in width; then over a carry of about fifty rods, to Long Pond, which is one mile long. Here the carries began to stretch out some, for the next one is at least one-half of a mile long, landing us at Little Green Pond, which is about eighty rods wide; then a thirty rods carry, and we reached St. Regis Pond, which is of considerable size, being one and one-half miles long. This pond is the head waters of the middle branch of the St. Regis River, which forms a junction with the St. Regis Lake branch near McDonald Pond, in township 16, in Franklin county. Township 20, in which this lake or pond is located, now belongs to the State. Numerous fresh signs of beavers on the shore of this pond were to be seen, and so recently made as to prove that a large family of those singular animals have preempted this lake as their champing grounds.

This township, we were told, was tendered by the State to Cornell University for the purpose of experimental tim-

ber culture on the German plan, but was declined on account of its total denudation of lumber, which is true, as it has been almost entirely stripped of its sizable timber.

After passing through St. Regis Pond we encountered our most formidable carry of about one mile in length, into Little Clear Pond. The carry being at the time a little wet, it was well calculated to try men's "soles," and our tenderfooted friends from the city, before we were over it, fully appreciated what it meant to foot it through the woods. Little Clear Pond or Lake is about three miles long, and is indisputably one of the purest and clearest bodies of water of its size on this continent. So transparent are its waters, it is said, that, when fishing, a bait can be seen sixty feet below its surface. Winds and storms sometimes discolor its waters, but when at its best one seems to be floating in mid-air as his boat glides over its smooth surface. On the outlet of this lake, and between it and Upper Saranac Lake, is located the State's Fish Hatchery, used solely for the hatching and breeding of various kinds of trout. The location seems to be especially well adapted for that purpose. The committee made a careful inspection of the plant. The only building of any consequence on the grounds, aside from the superintendent's dwelling, is the hatching house—a large barn-like structure, where trout spawn or eggs are placed in flumes or trays partly filled with sand and gravel, over which the eggs are spread, then water at a given temperature is allowed to slowly flow over them until they are hatched, after which the so-called fry or small young fish are placed in the breeding pens.



INTERIOR AGRONACK FISH HATCHERY

WYTHKOP HALLENBECK CRAWFORD CO.

Directly on the bank of the outlet of the lake, and some rods above the hatching house, stands a square tank made of pine plank, 12x12x8 feet high, which is called a tempering tank. It is plain in its construction, but novel in its results. It is filled with water from the lake, which is brought in iron pipes six inches in diameter, two such pipes being used, one taking the water from the surface and the other at a point sixty feet below. It has been found that the water at that depth is very cold, even in the hottest weather of the summer reaching the remarkably low temperature of 40° F., while that from the surface marks about 60° or 65° F. One pipe enters at the top and the other at the bottom of the tank. It will readily be seen that the result of such mixing will produce water at a temperature of from 50° to 55° F., just what is needed for the successful fish breeding in the summer or hot months of the year. We were informed that the mixing of the waters was a new experiment and had been in use only for a short time, but that it was working very satisfactorily. Just below the tempering tank, on the bank of the outlet brook, are arranged eight flumes or bins, side by side, covered with trap-doors that may be lifted when the fish are fed. They are each about twenty feet long, three feet deep and four feet wide, their bottoms are covered with gravel and sand, and about one foot of water is allowed to flow through them slowly and steadily, being supplied by ducts or spouts from the tempering tank above. We were told that the pens contained when we were there about 65,000 of brook

and so-called cut throat trout five months old. The superintendent informed us that they were about ready to be assorted and moved down one notch into larger pens or flumes located just below, into and through which the water from the opening flumes flows, thereby using the same water for the whole family.

After the small fish have been taught to eat and care for themselves, larger pens or flumes are used for their future breeding; hence, the eight flumes outlet into one twenty feet long, eight feet wide and three feet deep, with gravel and water as before described, but left open at the top. There were several of these pens, one below the other, each one of which contained trout of different ages and sizes, the lower one holding fish that would tip the beam at three and one-half pounds. The fish are fed on beef liver ground up in a sausage machine.

If nature is closely studied, it will be found that she furnishes many curious problems, and one of the most singular is exemplified in the propagation of fish. The incubating pen in which the eggs of the fowl are hatched must be kept at a uniform heat, but, on the contrary, the hatching pen of the fish must be kept uniformly cold. Thus it will be seen how contrary nature seems to be in the *modus operandi* of her acts of creation. A closer study, however, will clear up the matter, when it is found that both methods are heat, varying only in degree and form.

The committee were much interested in the hatchery, and exceptionally well pleased with its location, but



MR. BRAGDEN'S CABIN AT SARANAC INN. FORMERLY OCCUPIED BY PRES. T. CLEVELAND.

were of one mind that much better and more extensive results ought to be obtained from the liberal appropriations annually made by the State.

Teams again conveyed the committee to Saranac Inn, three miles west, where the night was spent rather unsatisfactorily, on account of the crowded condition of the inn.

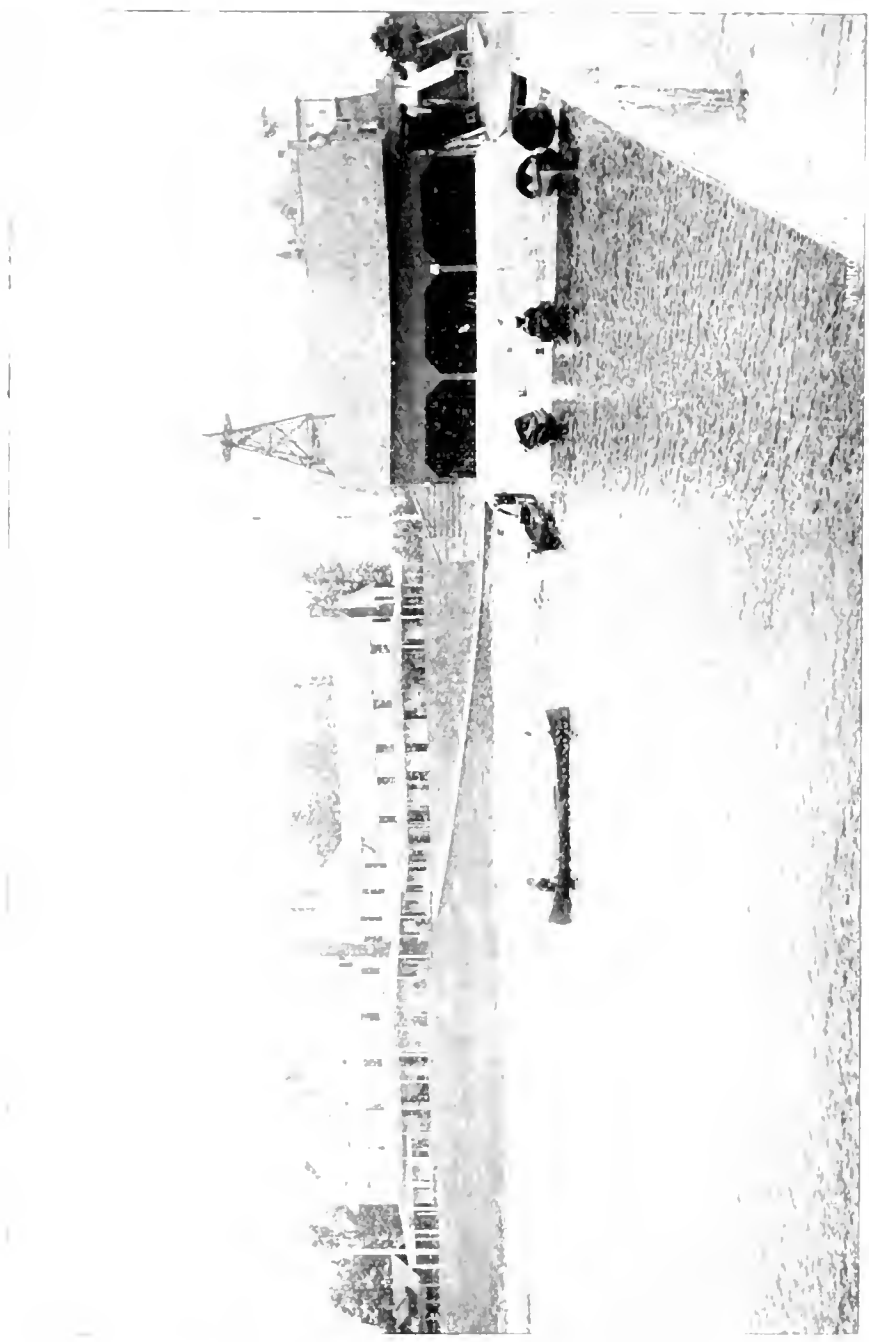
CHAPTER VIII.

AT SARANAC INN.

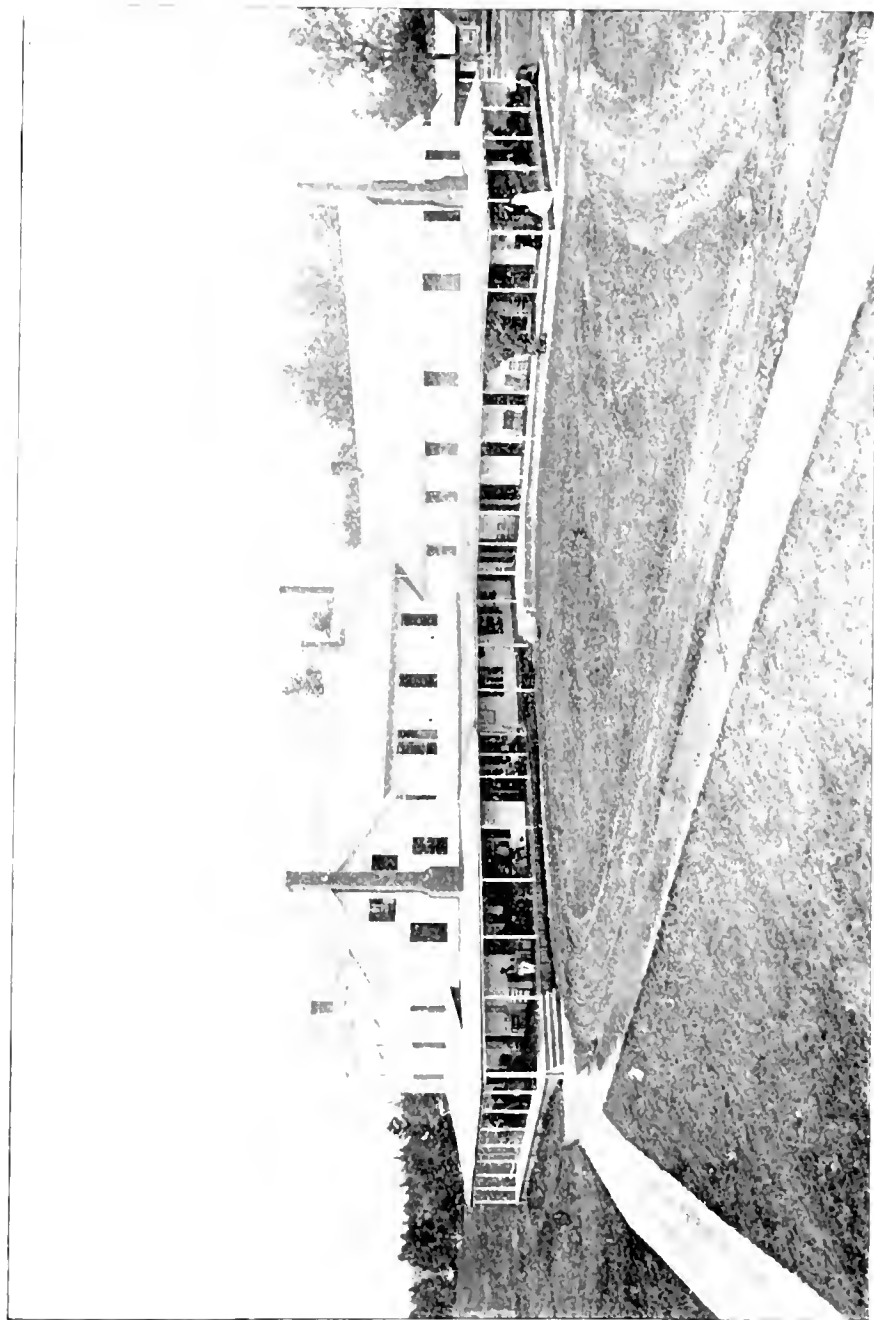
Saranac Inn is located on a fine, level tract of land, several acres of which are cleared and well kept, showing considerable skill in the way of floral culture, directly on the north bank of the Upper Saranac Lake, near the inlet of Fish Creek. The house has become somewhat noted from the fact that Grover Cleveland spent some time there when he was President of the United States.

William Brookfield of New York was seen among its guests, who offered suggestions and gave the committee some valuable information.

We left the inn at 3.30 p. m. by steamer, with Capt. John Clark of Albany at the helm. A trip around the lake is one much to be enjoyed, for its shores are thickly ornamented and beautified by numerous private camps, at the docks of which the steamer stops on signal, and some of which are expensive and novel examples of rustic architecture. One of these is the camp or cottage of that "grand old man" and much esteemed friend, ex-Governor Levi P. Morton. At the request of the committee, Captain Clark kindly consented to stop at the ex-Governor's dock to allow us to pay our respects to him. Most of the committee were personally acquainted, having served in the Legislature when the old gentleman was in the Governor's chair. We found him hale and hearty and still manifesting a deep



SARANAC INN FROM THE LAKE.



SARANAC INN FROM THE EAST.

interest in State matters, congratulating Ives on his success in preserving the game in the forests and asking Trainor how he was getting along with his State splitting bill. We enjoyed the interview very much. Just as we were about to leave, our time being limited, the old gentleman said if we would stay a little longer he would brew us a bowl of the same cordial that he used to give us when we attended his receptions in Albany, but remembering the effect of that red decoction, we respectfully declined, with thanks.

We continued our trip, viewing as we went private camps and public summer resorts as much as was possible from the deck of our steamer, finally stopping at Rustic Lodge Hotel, which is located at the lake end of the old Indian Carry, where we again took teams for Stony Creek Pond, upon the bank of which is situated Hotel Hiawatha, where we were scheduled to rest over Sunday.

Many years before the advent of the white man a tribe of Huron Indians hunted, fished and trapped in this vicinity, and, being natural woodsmen, they left no marked lines on the timber for the white man to follow; but not so on the land, for their old trails between lakes and rivers are still plainly traceable, and some of them show evidence of having been long and considerably used. Such a one is the old Indian Carry, between the Upper Saranac Lake and Racquette River, a distance of three miles, which is to-day a good wagon road leading from the old Corey place, on the Saranac, to the Racquette River. This carry can be shortened some, however, if the old Indian example is

followed, which is by putting your boat in at Stony Creek Pond, halfway over, upon which and its outlet one can float directly into the Raquette.

Upon arriving at Rustic Lodge, or old Corey's place, or, still older, Indian Carry, the members of the committee concluded to walk, as the road was said to be good and the hotel less than two miles away. Almost as soon as one sets foot on shore on the old Indian Carry (doubtless due to its name) Indians are suggested. In imagination one "sees him in the clouds or hears him in the wind," and as you pass over the old trail ancient moccasin tracks can be almost traced in the sandy way. Every tree and bush by the roadside suggest an ambush, and finally when you reach the Hotel Hiawatha, which bears an Indian name, it resembles a huge wigwam, and as you go about it there seems to be the odor of an Indian camping ground. And in my case, aboriginal imaginations were not to end even there, for after I had gone to bed that night, with my mind filled with red Indians, and had finally succeeded in getting to sleep, I was suddenly awakened by a blood-curdling Indian war-whoop that caused every individual hair on my head to stand ready for the scalping knife. I was unnecessarily alarmed, however, as it proved to be nothing more dangerous than Paddy Trainor snoring in the next room. That distinguished gentleman is a Tammany brave, who is noted for his close imitation of Indian war-whoops when he is asleep.



HON. PATRICK TRAINOR.

CHAPTER IX.

EARLY SETTLERS ABOUT SARANAC AND TUPPER LAKES.

Sometime in the early forties, for some unaccountable reason, there moved into the then unbroken wilderness in the vicinity of Saranac and Tupper Lakes a score or more of strong, stalwart and robust men from the various parts of the New England States; men who, if their lives and energies had not been shaded by the forest trees under whose shadows they elected to live, would have made a record worthy to have been written in the history of the State. Many of them were well educated. Such men as the Martins, of the Lower Saranac; Bartlett, Corey and Calkins, of the Upper Saranac Lake; the Stetsons, McLaughlins and Moodys, of Tupper Lake; John Farry and Seavy, of the Racquette River section, and others whose names I cannot recall.

Among those who settled on the Upper Saranac, or near there, were Bartlett, Corey and Calkins, the latter on the Racquette River end of the old Indian Carry and Corey on the Lake, while Bartlett lived on the carry between the Upper Saranac and Round Lake. These men were good-natured enough to others, but were ever ready to fight each other at the drop of the hat, and many were the fisticuff battles and back-hug wrestles those old giants indulged in, with no other audience than the wild animals of the forest. It is said that Calkins, being the largest, and for this reason

the strongest, usually wore off the belt, he being six feet four inches in his stocking feet; but for genuine contrariness among the whole gang, it is reported Verge Bartlett "took the cake." It is said he used to have spells of hating himself, and when in his fits of blues was somewhat given to profanity, and when he got right down to business the swear words left out of his vocabulary were not worth a moment's consideration; yet nearly all who visited that section were sure to stop at his house, where they were certain of getting a good meal and of being amused at his pugnacious disposition.

Most of these old pioneers have gone to another hunting ground, and those who remain are near the further end of the trail. Should any of them who are still resting on the carry chance to read these remarks, I sincerely trust they will not consider them disrespectful, because they are not so intended. In so far as I know, this is the first time that public attention has ever been called to their history. I am glad to be the first one to give to them the credit for blazing the lines and cutting out the trails over which the pleasure and health seeker and, in fact, the money-gatherers of to-day have found their way.

Nearly all of this day was given up to the inspection and investigation of Township 26, in Franklin county, which has been, we were informed, purchased by the State and transferred to Cornell University for the purpose of experimental timber cultivation and preservation on the German plan. We became very well satisfied that there is not to

be found a better township in the Adirondack forest than this one for that purpose, because it has so many natural advantages not possessed by other tracts of similar size. The Racquette River divides it in the center, and its tributary streams in that township are Ampersand Brook, Cold River and Stony Creek on the north, Follensby Pond and its outlet on the south, all at right angles with and emptying into the same, down which for about twenty miles logs can be floated, in a very short time and at but slight expense, to the great lumber mills at Tupper Lake, where they can be made into marketable stock and advantageously shipped by railroad to the lumber marts of the State. It is true that a considerable portion of the township has been lumbered; that is to say, in the immediate vicinity of the waterways, but there is still a large part of the tract that has never been denuded, from which immediate results may be obtained in the way of timber-culture experiments. But the question now presents itself, Is it wise for the State to purchase and deed the same to a close corporation, to control as they may elect, to have and to hold, not only all the land, but all the credit, for the results that are sure to follow in the way of timber cultivation and forest preservation, to say nothing of the revenue that is also sure to result, for the undertaking is no longer an experiment? There cannot be a question but that in the near future large and profitable returns can be turned into the State treasury, if the industry is properly managed. Germany, where the idea first originated, does not farm out such

educational and profitable industries, but develops and profits by them, and this is one reason why her name has been heralded abroad as the greatest educational nation of the world.

The State is confronted with the following conditions: There are a large number of taxpayers who have not the time and perhaps cannot afford the expense to attach themselves to a private club, thereby securing camping and sporting rights in the forest, and they complain because laws have been passed permitting private ownership of lands in the forest for such purposes. Just how much they have been deprived of their actual rights and privileges by such ownership is open to debate, because one of the inalienable rights of man is that he may do what he will with his own. But this case is entirely different. Here they have a just right to complain, because they are asked to help pay the fiddler without being invited to join in the dance; in other words, "taxation without representation;" hence, for the State to secure this valuable franchise and turn it over to any close corporation, who will promptly set up the claim that in order that they may preserve the timber properly on the tract no camping, fishing or hunting will be allowed, thereby cutting out of the forest preserve one of the very best townships for sporting purposes that can be found within its boundaries, and dedicating it wholly and solely to the advancement, pleasure and profit of any private institution not controlled by the State, would receive and would have a right to receive serious condemnation from its electors and taxpayers.

CHAPTER X.

STORY OF THE MAD INDIAN SPIRIT.

In the vicinity of the Upper Saranac Lake the Indians used to say there once lived an Indian spirit of colossal stature; in fact, he was a jumbo of his kind. He was much given to leaping, and one-half mile was just an every-day sort of a jump for him; but the trouble arose in landing, as he was apt to sink into the ground disagreeably when he struck after such a jump. When he first learned that the white man had arrived on the lake it so enraged him that he made a jump of a mile and a half from the Corey place on the Saranac to Round or Little Stony Creek Pond. To prove this story, the inhabitants of that locality will point out to you the imprint of his ponderous moccasin tracks where he landed on the shore of that pond. After this effort he never looked upon the limpid waters of the Saranac again. Doubtless the jump was too much for him. At any rate, that was the last one he was ever known to make.

STORY OF THE CARDINAL FLOWER.

In passing up or down the rivers of the Adirondacks in the summer time one will be sure to notice a deep red flower growing on its banks attached to a stem of a weed of the golden-rod family. The flower is exceedingly pretty, and its color resembles drops of blood. The Indian legend of its origin is as follows:

White deer were considered sacred by those old tribes, and were seldom killed if seen, but should any of their number be so unfortunate as to slay one, his own death was sure to follow within a year. Once upon a time one of their young braves accidentally killed one, and when carrying it to his canoe a few drops of its blood fell upon the ground, and upon that spot the first cardinal flower sprang up: hence its origin.

STORY OF THE WHITE POND LILY.

The origin of this beautiful and highly odorous flower, which is found in large numbers in the lakes and streams of the Adirondack Preserve, is said by the Indians to be a young brave's too arduous affection for a young Indian maiden. When the young buck approached her she fled and he pursued up along the Racquette River bank until finally, upon arriving at a high precipice overhanging the stream, she paused, but only for a moment, and then made a fatal leap into the waters below, preferring death to dishonor, and directly there sprang up on the spot that beautiful white and yellow flower called the white pond lily, its white petals representing her purity and the yellow center her moment of temptation to yield to her lover in the pause just before the leap.

STORY OF THE IRISH NOBLEMAN.

Just below Big Tupper Lake on the Racquette River is a stretch of still water some two miles long, terminating at

the outlet of Racquette Pond, upon the bank of which is situated the present village of Tupper Lake. This piece of still water is known by two names, being called by some the Lothrop Stretch and by others miscalled Long Neck, the latter being an ignorant misnomer for Lough Neagh, the name of a beautiful lake in Ireland. On account of how this name reached the upper waters of the Racquette brings to light a story of considerable interest. To reach it, however, it will be necessary to drag in a little of the ancient history of County Antrim, Province of Ulster, of the Emerald Isle. The legend of Lough Neagh runs as follows :

In the reign of King Lughaidh Riabhdeargh, a well which had been blessed by one of the early saints existed in the valley now occupied by the waters of Lough Neagh. This well possessed extraordinary healing powers. One of the conditions for the steady flow and good behavior of that health-giving well was that the iron door of its well-house must be carefully closed when a visitor departed, else the well would overflow and destroy the city. Among those who tried the holy waters of the well was a lady who, overjoyed because of the benefits she had received, rushed off, forgetting to close the door. The angry waters burst forth in a flood, drowned the lady, covered the town of Eacha, that being the name of the town or city built in that valley, and filled the whole valley, forming the lake as it now exists.

Of course the reader has the right to discount this yarn to the extent of rejecting the whole of it if he chooses, and

the writer claims the same right. It would seem, however, that Moore, Ireland's national poet, credited enough of it to write the following well-known and beautiful stanza in regard to its history :

“ On Lough Neagh's banks as the fisherman strays,
When the calm clear eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the waves beneath him shining.”

Strange as it may seem, there are many good people living to-day who fully credit the existence of the city as much as they believe in their own existence. Be that as it may, let us return to our story.

Many years ago there lived on the banks of Lough Neagh in Ireland a nobleman, or rather two of them, who quarreled over a fair lady. Said quarrel resulted, as they usually did in those days, in a duel, in which one of the principals was left on the field for dead. Before fully ascertaining the extent of his opponent's injuries, the surviving and uninjured principal of the rencounter fled to America, and on arriving at Montreal, he proceeded up the St. Lawrence River to St. Regis, where he found Captain Peter Sabattis, who was then chief of the tribe, and engaged hiding from him, supposing all the time that he had killed his opponent. Captain Peter took pity on him, and after procuring a liberal outfit, as the gentleman seemed to have plenty of money, carried him and his effects up the Racquette River to his old hunting ground,

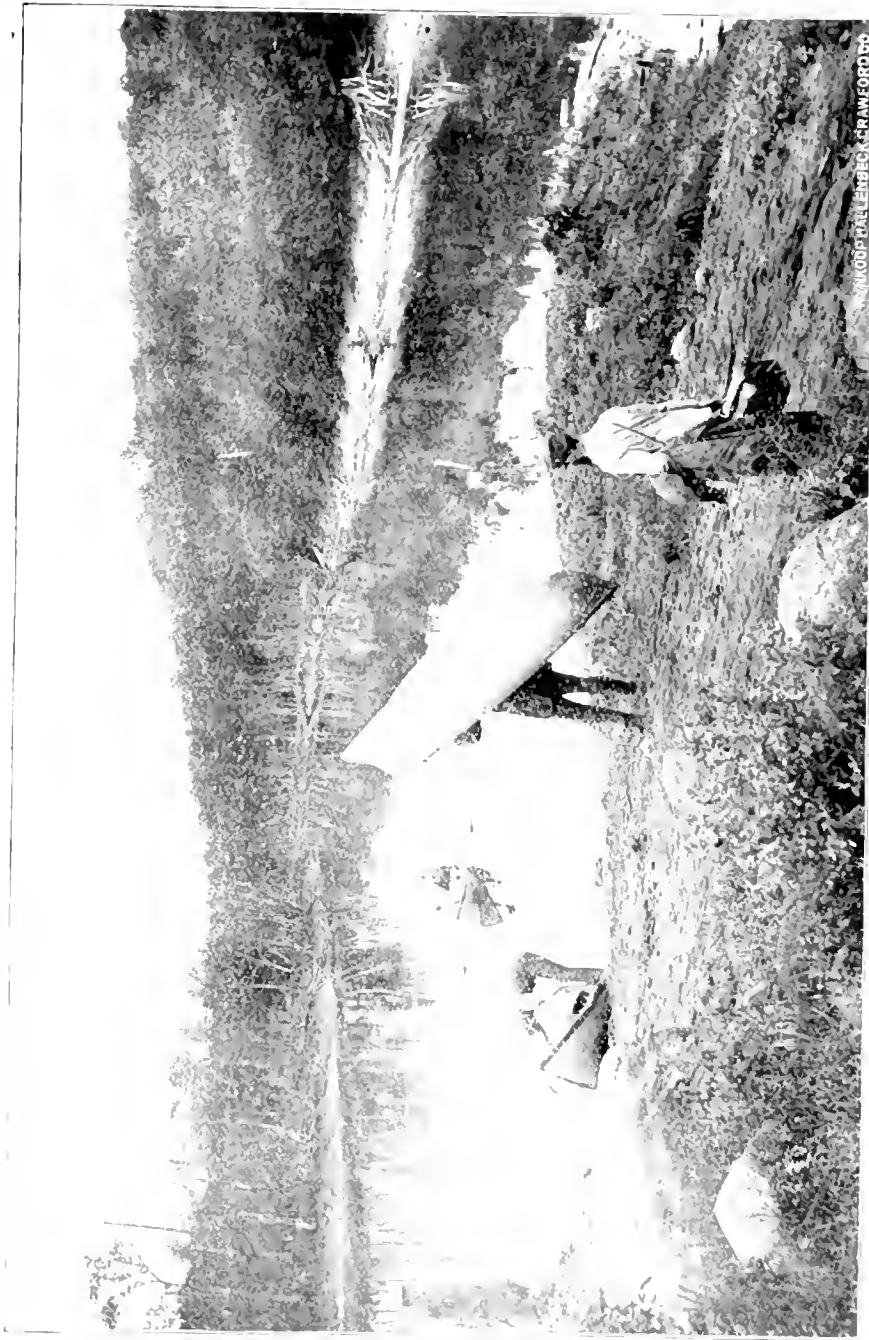
and there built him a snug, warm loghouse on the southern bank of Racquette Pond, near the point where the river and pond unite. Traces of his old house can doubtless be still found at that locality. The gentleman cleared a small piece of land and raised a few potatoes, but lived mainly on game and trout, which were then abundant in that part. He lived there for many years, until finally his friends learned in some way of his whereabouts and sent for him, as it seemed he had been laboring under an illusion, in that he did not kill his opponent in the duel. He returned to his people, without even leaving his name for the benefit of future generations. The only thing he did do by which he may be remembered was to name the Racquette pond Lough Neugh, upon which his camp was located, and which has been confounded, garbled and misplaced on a piece of still water just above his camp which is now called Long Neck.

CHAPTER XI.

AT AXTON, ON THE RACQUETTE RIVER.

Leaving Hotel Hiawatha at 8.30 a. m., we proceeded to Axton, on the Racquette River, and there embarked in small rowboats with guides for a most delightful trip up that stream to Long Lake. Racquette River is the second largest whose head waters are in the State. It is fully two hundred miles long, and its primal head is a spring situate on the west side of a range of hills which form the dam between the Hudson and the Racquette watershed. The water from this spring makes a considerable brook, that runs for some distance parallel with and only about one-half mile from and in an opposite direction to a similar stream which forms one of the tributaries of the Hudson River, the Racquette stream running north and the Hudson running south. The Racquette tributary, however, finally finds its way into Blue Mountain Lake, which is considered to be the nominal head of the Racquette River, as that lake is the first body of water of any considerable size in its system. The course of the Racquette River from that lake is mainly northwest, and empties into the St. Lawrence at St. Regis Indian Reservation, St. Lawrence county, N. Y.

Eagle, Utowana, Racquette, Forked and Long Lakes, whose beds are undoubtedly simply enlargements of the stream, are natural reservoirs or basins formed partly by



ANTON, OLD INDIAN CARRY, RAQUETTE RIVER

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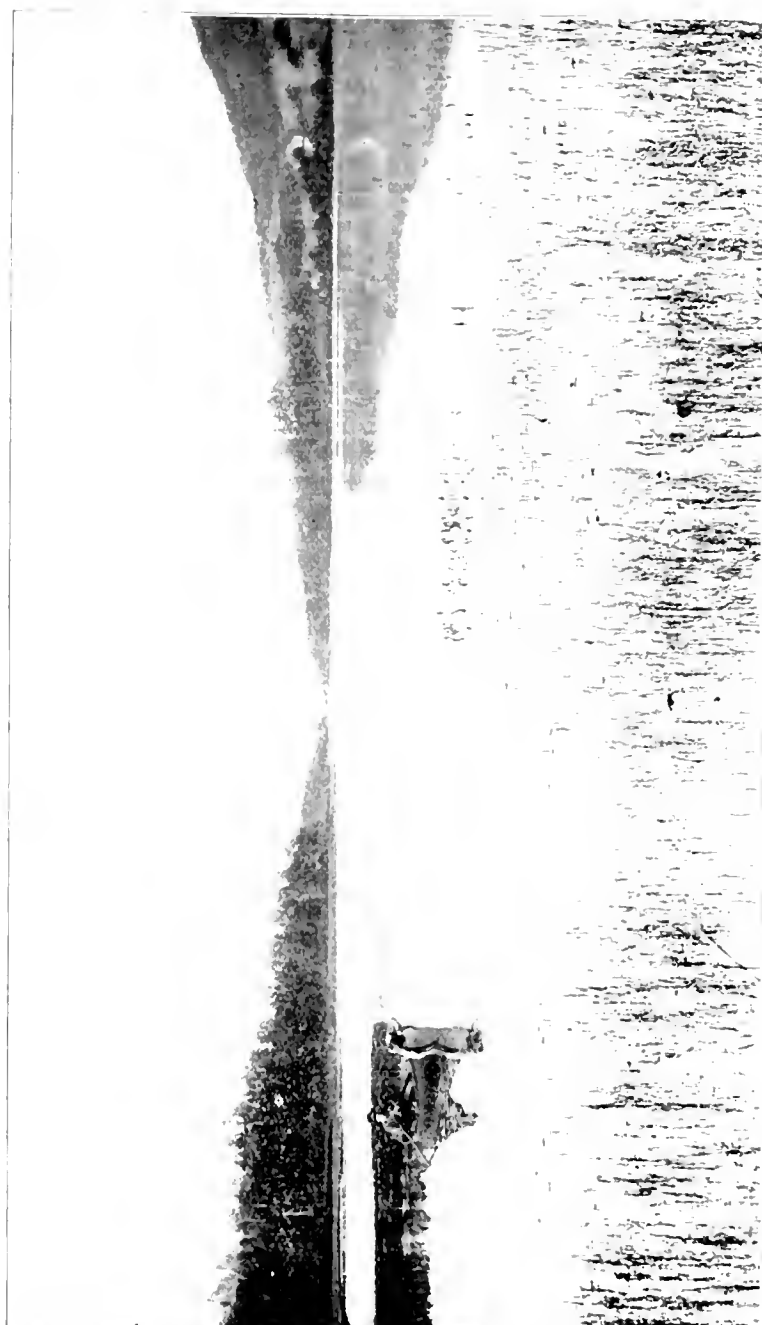
upheavals and partly by ice during the glacial epoch. The river is one of the best-behaved streams on the continent, rarely ever overflowing its banks or flooding and destroying property in its course. In some places it is very wide, notably at Potsdam, where it is nearly one mile across, while in others its waters are gathered together, shooting through canyons of but a few feet in width. It falls, from its source to its mouth, about twenty-five hundred feet. The scenery along its course, including its several waterfalls, exceeds, for that kind of beauty, any other river in the State. This statement can be verified by a visit to any or all of the following named waterfalls:—Buttermilk, Piercefield, Moody, Jamestown, Stark, Rainbow and Colton, which are located at intervals along its course between Forked Lake and Potsdam. But for quiet, modest, mellow scenery, the stretch between Stony Creek mouth to the carry around Racquette Falls rapids takes the first premium, portions of which are enchantingly beautiful. For long distances the boat passes over shallows, whose sandy bottoms resemble pure gold, imparting to the water an amber-like shade, but as the water deepens its color changes to red, and still deeper, to black. Nearly all this level of the river has interval banks covered with soft maple and elm trees, whose branches in some places nearly span the stream, thereby well nigh shutting out the noonday sun.

About 12 m. we arrived at Racquette Falls rapids, around which is a carry of one and one-fourth miles, our

boats being drawn over by teams. We were met at the landing by a farmer-like, good-natured, big-bodied man by the name of Martin Talbert, who sought an opportunity to relate several stereotyped yarns in such a manner as to convince us that he did not believe them himself. We were informed that he was comparatively a new comer there, and not having shed all the hayseed from his hair, his stories were less interesting than they otherwise would have been had he been to the manner born. He served us with an excellent farm dinner, however, in the menu of which were brook trout, but upon close inspection it was found that the trout were Racquette River pickerel, caught by the committee on their way up. It would seem that this has long been a noted place to stop for meals, and was called before the advent of the present Munchausen the "Mother Johnson Place," that landlady having received the highest commendation from Adirondack Murray for her famous russet pancakes and golden maple syrup.

About one-half mile up the river from the Talbert House are located Racquette Falls, which have no very striking attraction except to the student of geology, for the twisted, warped and cracked appearance of the ledge just below the falls suggests volcanic action much more than at any other place I have ever noticed in the Adirondacks. The rocks there are metamorphic and of a schistous shaly character, showing evidence of some remote convulsive shock.

At the head of the carry we again take boats for the new Sagamore Hotel, on Long Lake, a continuous row of twenty-



LONG LAKE, FROM SOUTH END.

two miles, being eight of river and fourteen of lake navigation. We pass on the way the mouth of Cold River, which is a turbulent, crooked stream of some twenty miles in length, visiting in that distance three counties—Essex, Franklin and Hamilton—emptying into the Racquette in the last named county. We enter Long Lake soon after passing Cold River, which is simply Racquette River wider, deeper and straighter than before. This lake is remarkable for its straightness for upon entering it at the foot nearly its whole length can be seen, and as you glide along over its placid waters you are apt to be deceived by distances. Such is the deception, that an island situated about half-way up the lake seems to recede as you approach it, because of which it has been called Steamboat Island. The shores of the lake are in some places bold cliffs, and in others just the opposite, gentle and sloping. At the head of the lake is seen Owl's Head Mountain, 2,825 feet above tide; and as you pass along, on the east can be seen Mt. Kempshall and on the north the blue summit of Mt. Seward, which is 4,384 feet above tide water. The lake is sixteen miles long, about one-half mile at its widest place, and is 4,614 feet above tide. Along its banks are built many private camps, which are very attractive. Among those especially noted by the Republicans of our committee was that of Senator Thomas C. Platt.

We arrived at the hotel at about 8 p. m., where we spent the night. Owing to the lateness of the hour and the darkness of the night but little could be seen of the

place, but the bright sun of the next morning lighted up a locality of rare attraction. As a summer outing place, it has few equals. Fishing is good in the lake, but the royal game is somewhat scarce on account of the deer having been driven off that section by dogs; but now that hounding has been prohibited, they will soon drift back.

CHAPTER XII.

ON DECK FOR RACQUETTE LAKE.

At 9 a. m. we are again on deck for Racquette Lake. About four miles further on, at the head of Long Lake, we make a short carry of one-half mile by Long Lake Rapids, thence up river again one mile, to Buttermilk Falls Rapids, around which is another half-mile carry, thence two miles of still water to the carry by Forked Lake Rapids, where, over its two miles of fairly good wagon road, our boats and outfit are drawn by teams to Forked Lake.

But I am anticipating, and am hurrying past one of the most interesting bits of scenery in the Adirondack wilderness. I allude to Buttermilk or Phantom Falls, which are located at the head of the carry around the rapids of that name.

Doubtless many of my readers remember the notoriety given to these falls several years ago by that St. Hubert of his day, the Rev. W. H. H. Murray, better known as "Adirondack" Murray, who startled the public with a thrilling account of his chasing a phantom Indian maiden over the falls in the month of July, 1868, in a small skiff, accompanied by his old guide, John Plumley. The story of the Indian maiden is, in short, as follows:

An Indian chief of the Huron tribe who once lived in this locality had a daughter who bore the name of Wisti, which, when translated, means Balsam. The girl fell in

love with a Jesuit priest of French descent whom the mission of Canada had sent to the tribe to convert them. The Frenchman returned the maiden's love with ardor, but was barred from marrying her on account of being a priest. The reverend gentleman finally concluded that such a little thing as that ought not to prevent their becoming one, and, urged on by desire, undertook alone a dangerous journey through the dense woods to Albany for the purpose of returning to his home in France to get his discharge from the service in order to enable him to return and marry the maiden, but the brave though misguided priest was killed by Indians before reaching Albany. Before he left, however, he agreed to meet the maiden one year from the date of his departure at a little cove on the Racquette River just above Phantom Falls. Promptly at the appointed time Miss Balsam was at the trysting place, but her priest failed to materialize, for the reason above stated, which she of course was not aware of. True to her promise, in her little bark canoe, she paddled to the cove night after night, and, not meeting her lover, would sorrowfully return to her father's camp, until finally, because of the failure of the Frenchman to do as he promised, she became crazed from grief, and one summer's night (date not given) she allowed her canoe to drift down until it was caught in the current and swept over the falls.

The legend goes on to state that since that time, twice in each summer, that same scene was enacted, with the phantom of a beautiful maiden standing erect in her bark canoe.



REV. H. H. MURRAY

This state of things continued until the year 1868, when, one beautiful evening in July, Mr. Murray and his guide, John Plumley, drifted into the little cove for the night. They had been spending the day somewhere up Nameless Creek catching big trout, and for this reason were tired and hungry; in fact, Mr. Murray said his fingers were so stiff that he could scarcely unclasp them from his paddle staff. Unfortunately for them, they had unconsciously clashed with one of Miss Balsam's semiannual dates. It is safe to say that the doctor would not have gone in there if he had been familiar with her habits, for he was not given to crossing dates with any one. John Plumley was to blame for he had seen something that wasn't human at that place at a previous date, but he seemed to be given to getting the Reverend Doctor into dancing scrapes. He had steered him into a stag dance at Palmer's on Long Lake and a jack-hunting dance on a foggy night, and now he was about to steer him into a ghost dance down Phantom Falls. But to return to our story:

"It was midnight. The full moon showed her rounded orb above the eastern mountains, and across the tongue of waters she poured her pure white radiance. Not even a ripple broke the smooth surface. Above, the sky was cloudless. Suspended in the still ether, a few of the larger stars struggled for existence. Weak and vain such rivalry, for the Queen of Night held open audience and the lesser lights paled in her more brilliant presence. The woods were dumb. Silence brooded in the heavy pines and amid

the dark firs. The balsams, through their spear-like stems, yielded their fragrance upon an air too motionless to waft it. Even the roar of the rapids was so even in tone that instead of disturbing it seemed rather to deepen the all-pervading silence."

The sentiment contained in the foregoing is indeed fine, and is just the kind of physical and spiritual condition necessary for a seance such as followed. The two tired hunters were just in the act of lying down to sleep for the night, when John, as was his custom, swept his eyes around to see if everything was all right, but upon reaching the cove, they began to bulge out as if they would leave their sockets. Turning to Mr. Murray he hoarsely whispered, "For God's sake, look there!" The Reverend Doctor says that never before was he asked to look at such a sight, for there, in the middle of the little cove, was a canoe, and in it a figure like a girl, and by an even and steady stroke with her paddle she was urging her boat out into the swift current of the stream. At that time Mr. Murray was not afraid of ghosts, so he promptly remarked to John in the common language of the streets, "Let us go for her!" And go for her they did by jumping into their boat and urging it towards her with all the force in their power, until at one time so near did they get that the reverend gentleman reached to seize the phantom and found nothing but misty atmosphere. On, on, she led them, downstream, into the swift current, waving them back as she went, until finally the chase ended in their being sucked into the foaming rapids above the falls.

But I propose to let the Reverend Doctor tell the balance of the story himself. He can describe a physical impossibility so much better than I; besides, there is nothing like giving a story a sort of ministerial flourish to make it sound good. It was their intention to have beached the boat just above the cascade, but just as they reached the only spot where this could be done, this is what happened to them:

"I tapped the side of the boat with my paddle staff. In a moment I felt the answering jar from John, and knew that he had caught the heavy boom which warned us to end the race. Down, down we went, past rock and bulging ledge, swept around a curve, and lo! the hemlock landing place was in sight. Right glad was I to see it. I saw the eddying pool which spun abreast of it, and marked the white line of foam fringing the black circle, and noted with joy how surely John was sending the boat to the identical spot from which, with one brave stroke, we were to jump her out of the fierce suction under the projecting banks. I had no thought of accident. The faintest suspicion of danger had not crossed my mind. With the thunder of the falls filling the air with a deafening roar barely thirty rods away, with the hiss of the current around me as we dashed down the decline, I felt as calm and confident as though the race was over and we were standing on the bank. Nearer and nearer to the line of froth we flew. Straight as an arrow from a bow the light boat shot. I grasped my paddle, reaching my left hand

well down to the blade, holding it in suspense and stretched far out ahead, ready for the stroke. The moment came. I dashed the paddle into the current and bent upon the staff. Even as I bent to the stroke, the sound of rending wood, a crash, a quick cry, piercing sharply through the roar of the falls, smote upon my ear. No words were needed to tell me what had happened. John had broken his paddle. The treacherous ash had failed him in mid-stroke. I did my best. I felt that life, sweet to all at all times, doubly sweet as it seemed to me then, lay in the strength of my arms. I threw the last ounce of power I had into the stroke. The elastic staff bent under the sudden pressure like a Damascus blade. It held; but all in vain. The suction was too strong. It seized John's end of the boat, whirled it around, and sent it flying into the middle of the stream. It is said that men grow cool in danger; that the mind acts with supernatural quickness in moments of peril. Be that as it may with others, so it was with me in that fearful moment. I knew that we must go over the falls. I felt that John must make the awful shoot. I had more confidence in him than in myself. As the boat spun around upon the eddy, I seized advantage of the current, and righted it, directing the bow downstream. Then calmly turning in my seat, I reversed my paddle, and, holding it by the blade, reached the staff to John. He took it. Never shall I forget the look on John's face as his fingers closed on it. No word was uttered by either of us. No voice might make itself heard in the up-

roar. The moon made everything almost as discernible as in the day. He took the paddle, understanding my thoughts, looking straight at me. Upon his face was an expression, plain as speech might make it, which said, 'All that man can do, Mr. Murray, all that man can do.' Then he passed the blade into the water. I saw him take two strokes, steady and quick, then turn. Down, down we went. Oh, how we shot along that tremulous plane of quivering water! I felt the shell tremble and spring as John drove it ahead. A joy I cannot express thrilled me as I felt the boat jump. Hope rose with every nervous stroke of the paddle as it sent us flying toward the verge. No matter how we struck, providing our projection carried us beyond the deadly line of bubbles and the suction inward. I held my breath, seizing the rim of the boat on each side with either hand, and crouched low down for the leap. The motion was frightful. My face seemed to contract and sharpen under the pressure of the air as I clove through it. How John could keep his stroke, rushing down such a decline, was and ever will be to me a matter of increasing wonder. Yet quick and smiting as his strokes were, they were as regular as the movement of a watch. Down we glanced, straight for the middle of the falls and the smooth opening along the jagged rim. Lower and lower I crouched. Quicker and quicker jumped the boat, until the verge was reached, and, quivering like a frightened fish, the shell, driven by what seemed to be more than mortal strength, with a mighty leap sprang out into the air. So

nically had long custom taught us to balance it, that keeping the incline given by the current, it clove through the cloud of rising mist, passing clean out of it before we touched the water; for even as we hung above the abyss, I saw the deadly line was passed and we were saved. The boat, keeping the angle of declination, struck the water and went under like a pointed stake hurled from the hand, and John and I were left struggling in the current. We swam to the edge of the deep pool and climbed upon the sloping ledge, lay for a brief time motionless, and side by side in the deep shadow of the pines, our faces prone on our crossed arms, filled with deep sense of life delivered, and with emotions known only to Him with whom, with the roar of the falls, out of whose hell of waters we had been snatched, rising around us, we held communion. At the lower end of the pool we found our boat with John's broken paddle beside it. Shouldering the shell, and striking eastward, we soon came to the carry, traversing which we quickly reached the river, and launching out upon it, in five minutes stood where the opening sentences of our story found us wringing our clothes beside our rekindled camp fire."

I trust Mr. Murray, should he chance to read this report, will pardon me for retelling his thrilling story, for which I can offer the following excuse: Several times each year since it was first published I have read it over, until I had almost come to believe it, but after being permitted to see the falls myself, and note the physical impossibility of such an act as running them in a small skiff, I concluded



BUTTERMILK OR PHANTOM FALLS, RAQUETTE RIVER

W. J. FORD CO.

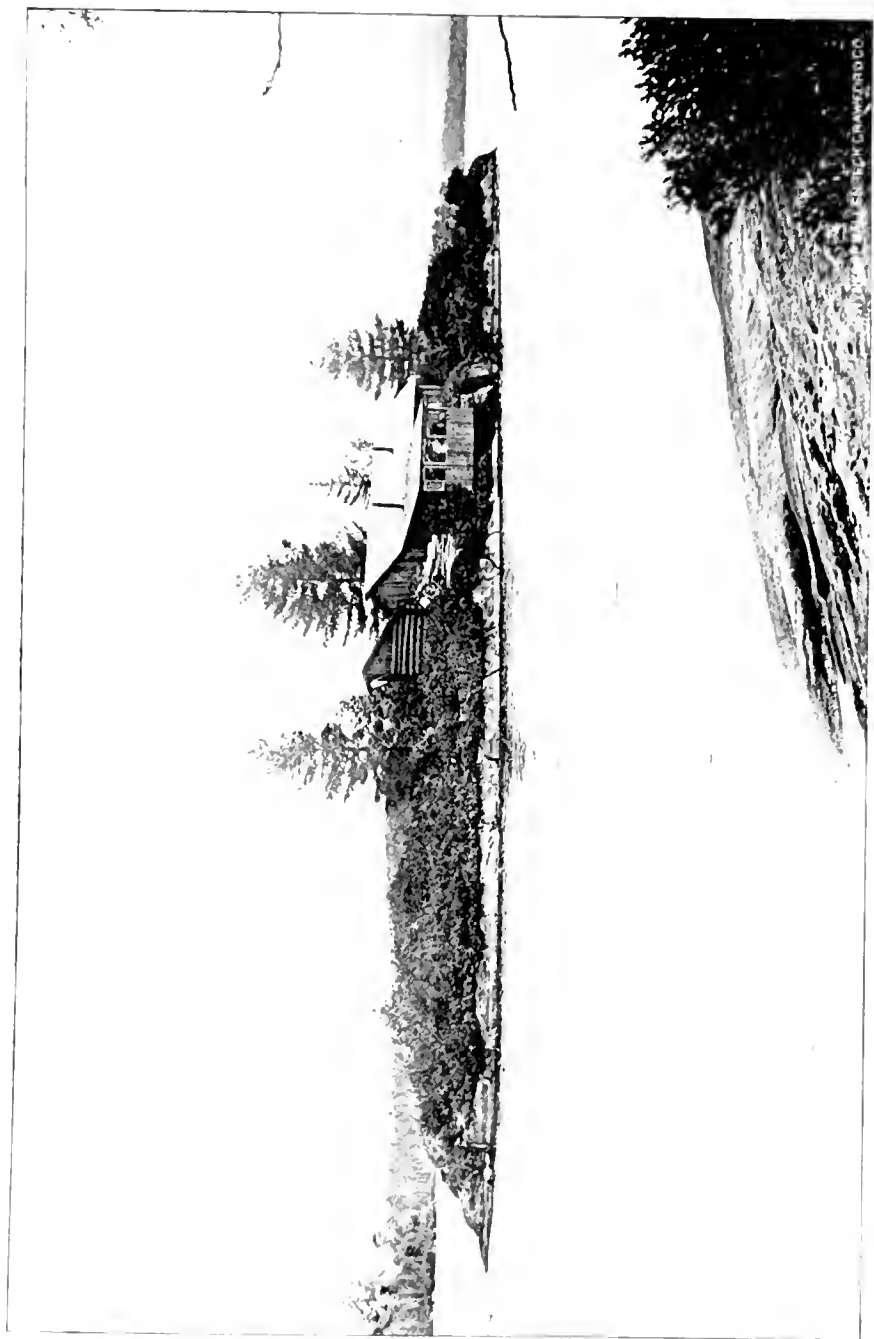
that the whole tragic yarn was a dream of such thrilling character as to warrant a reproduction, which has had the effect to compel me, if not to envy, to respect and admire a mind that could put such a Quixotic dream into words.

The writer carefully inspected the falls, a description of which I will now try to give. The river at that point falls about thirty-five feet, some fifteen feet of which is contained in about ten rods of rapids above the main fall. The channel of these rapids is filled with innumerable rocks, against which the water dashes with such force as to churn it into foam, resembling buttermilk, hence their name, Buttermilk Falls. The main ledge over which the water tumbles, more or less abruptly, is elevated in the center, which has the effect of parting the waters in the middle and sending them toward either bank, close to the edge of which they take an abrupt tumble of about twenty feet to the rocks below, then turning almost a right angle they join again in the center and flow on downstream. Mr. Murray says that they went straight for the middle of the falls. That route would have landed them high and dry on a big granite ledge, as the water does not run over the rocks at that point; that is to say, rarely ever in the summer months. Five minutes' inspection will convince anyone that no living thing on earth could run the falls and come out alive, except it be a fish, and there would be room to doubt as to whether it could make them successfully at all times or not. The cascade is, however, very pretty, and when the water is high it must be a beautiful and grand sight.

When at Long Lake the writer met John Plumley, Murray's old guide. He is now hale and hearty, and seventy-two years old. He informed us that he moved into the woods at the age of six with his father, who was the first white man that settled on Long Lake, and that he, John, had lived there ever since. He remembered Mr. Murray very well, and remarked that he had spent many a happy day with him in the woods. We asked him about the Phantom Falls dream, and he replied, "Ask Murray." We inquired if Mr. Murray was still living, and if so, where. He named the place of his residence, and said he was alive and well enough to live where his father lived and to work on a farm. The old gentleman seemed to feel very proud of the notoriety he had gained by having been associated with such a famous man as the Rev. W. H. H. Murray.

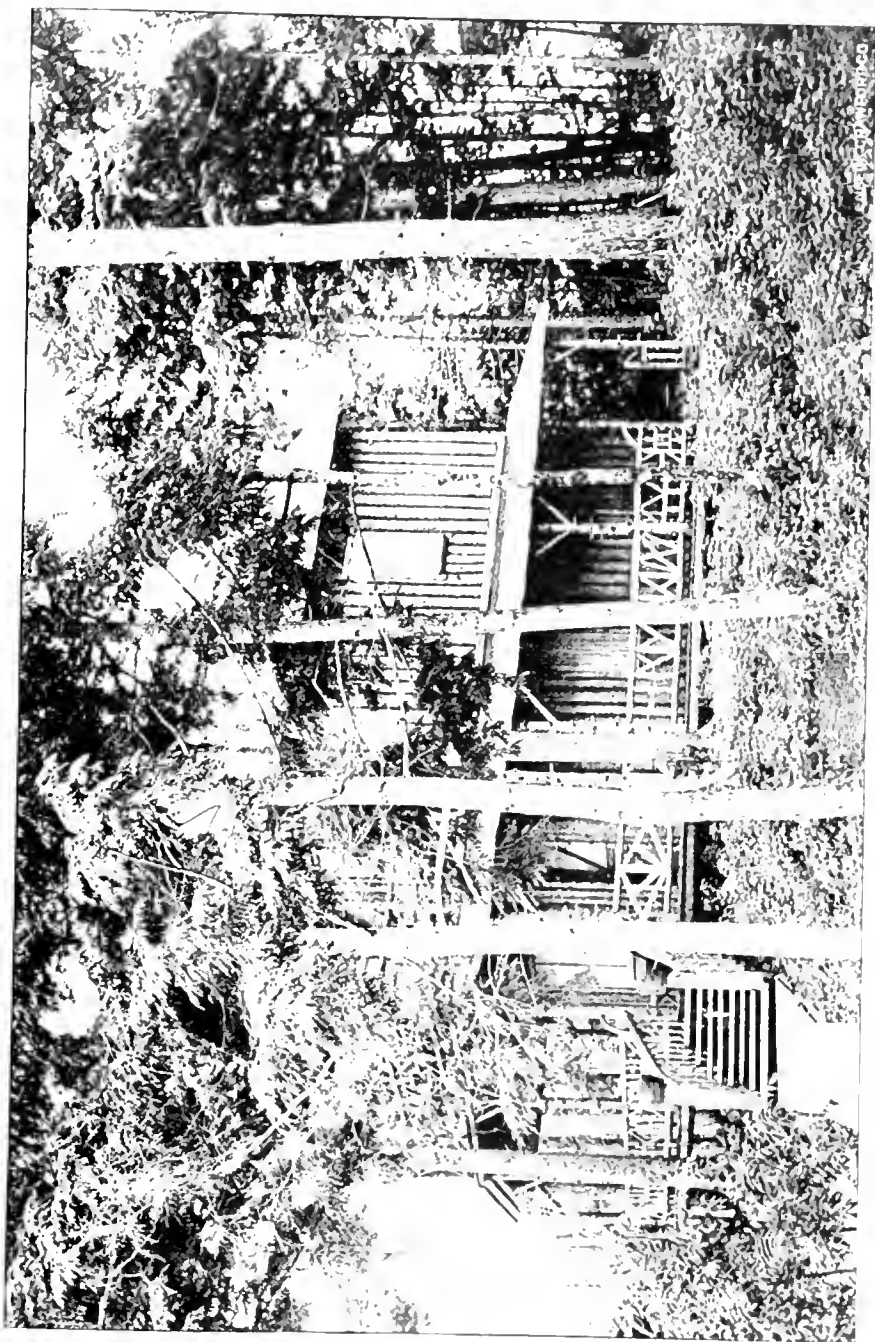
Mr. Murray was a true lover of nature, born, as he says, of hunter's breed and blood, and was a woodsman of no mean order and a general all-round good fellow.

But to return to my party, which I left at the foot of Forked Lake. This lake is about four miles long, and is so named on account of its peculiar shape. It has numerous setbacks and bays, and is surrounded by dense and primitive woods, which add much to its beauty. A part of it is owned by the State, and it is a splendid place for summer camping. Its waters abound in black bass and both kinds of trout. Passing through this lake, we again make a carry of one-half mile into Raquette Lake. This lake



LITTLE ROCK ISLAND, RAQUETTE LAKE

W. H. BENTLEY & CO.



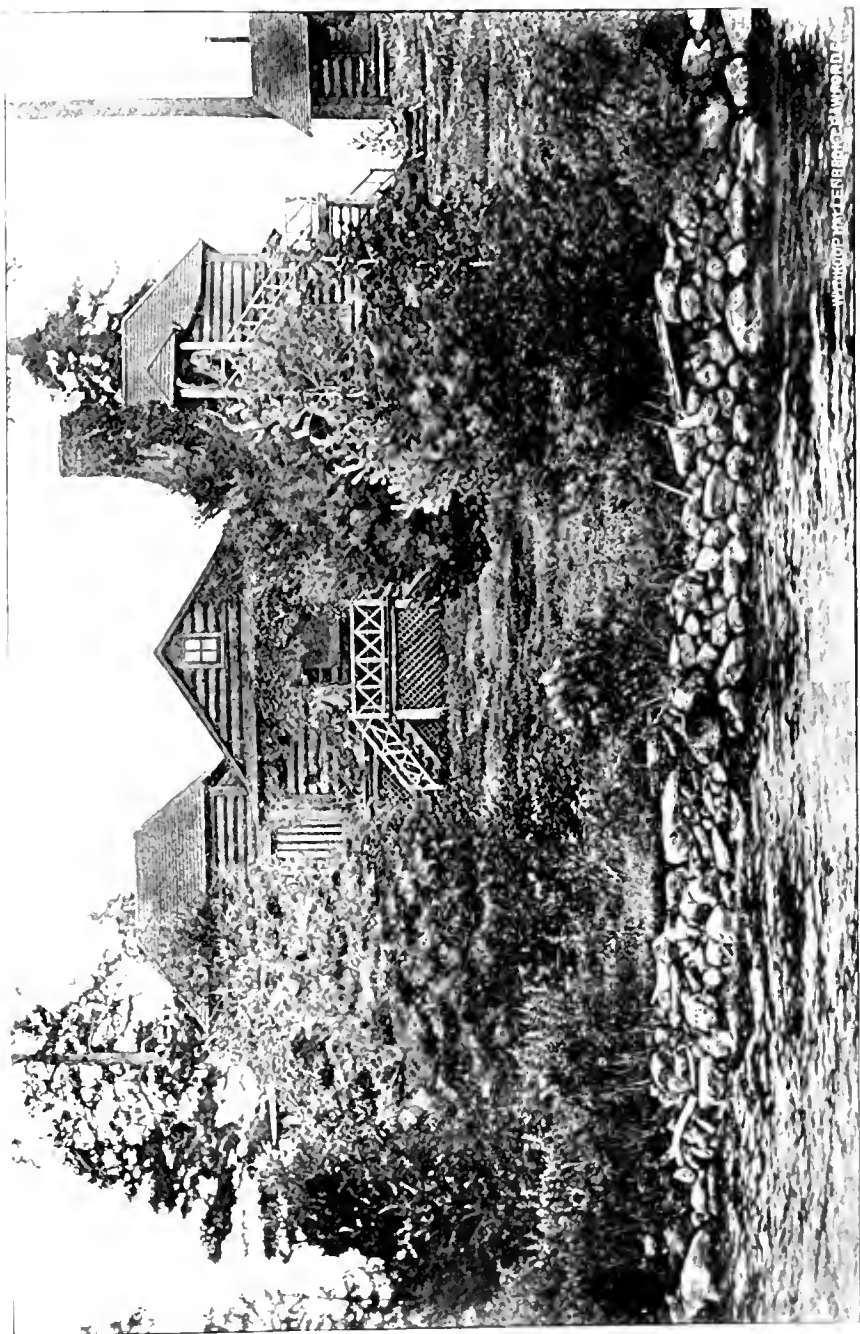
PINE ISLAND - RAQUETTE LAKE

is called the "King of the Woods," being about nine miles long, and at different points three miles wide. It has also deep bays, which seem to set back in places almost out of sight to the east and west. On this account it is said to have ninety-seven miles of coast. It is an ugly lake to navigate with small boats or skiffs in a storm, because no advantage can be taken by skirting its shore, as the only course for such crafts is through its center. However, small steamers make the circuit of the lake, thereby dispensing with the necessity of rowboats. The most of the lake is in Township 40, Hamilton County, and belongs to the State. There are numerous exceedingly beautiful private camps on its shores, made after the rustic style of architecture, which have no established formula except the sweet will of the builder. Some of them are models of fantastic design, notably among which are Pine Knot on South Bay, Echo Camp on Long Point, Camp Fairview on Ofspray Island and Deerhurst Camp on Kenwell's Point. Our attention was called to the fact that these fine structures were all built on leased land. Under the law of 1891, the Forest Commissioners were empowered to lease lands for five years, but our last constitutional convention annulled that law, so that now no such lease can be given. The question of what to do with those who held a lease under the old law is a problem which our Forest Commissioners are now trying to solve. It was the judgment of our committee that the present occupants ought not to be asked to abandon their camps without being fairly well paid for the expense they

have been to in making them. Some sort of a settlement of this kind ought to be made upon the expiration of each lease, and such camps destroyed or left for the free use of anyone who desires to camp there; at least, this would seem to be the best course to take in the matter.

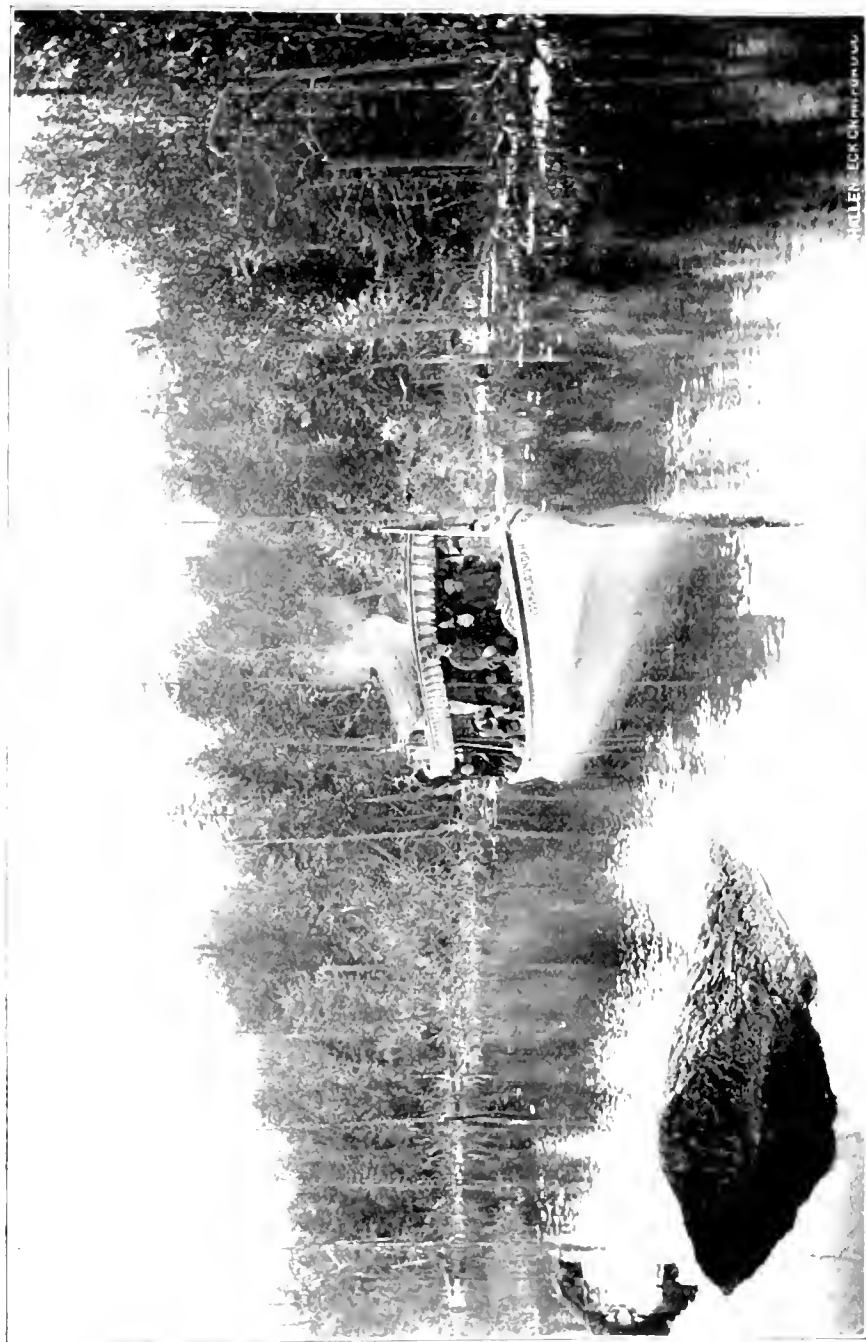
We also notice that several men of note make their summer home on this lake, among whom are Dr. A. G. Gester and Dr. S. D. Powell, both eminent physicians of New York City; Senator McCarthy of Syracuse, Senator Henderson and W. W. Durant, and over on the north side of the lake is seen the Tabernacle of Past Grand Master James Ten Eyck of Albany.

There are also several well-kept hotels on the upper part of the lake, notably the Hemlocks and the Antlers. We spent the night at the latter. Its proprietor, Mr. C. H. Bennett, somewhat granger-like in appearance, seems to anticipate the wants of his guests, so much so that the house is home-like and comfortable. It stands on an exceedingly pleasant site on a commanding bluff on the southern end of the lake. This place is noted for its open-air sleeping camps or shacks, with a big wood fire in front, where, if one has any Indian proclivities or tendencies, he can indulge them to his heart's content.



OSTRALIA ISLAND, RAQUELITE LAKE.

WORKING PHOTOGRAPHY



SMALL STEAMBOATS USED ON MARDON RIVER AND RAVENETTE LAKE

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CHAPTER XIII.

POCKET-EDITION STEAMBOATS.

The steamboats used in this section seem to be of the pocket-edition kind—one would think he could buy three of them for five cents. If any considerable number desire to go the same trip, their baggage is barred, that is to say, on the steamer. This condition of things is remedied, however, by an additional punt-like craft being towed behind upon which baggage is stored, and should there be too much of a load of passengers on the little steamer, the overflow are provided with a seat in the annex. Hence, when this gang started out, it resembled a train of trolley cars hitched together. Thus hampered, speed is not to be expected and comfort not to be considered.

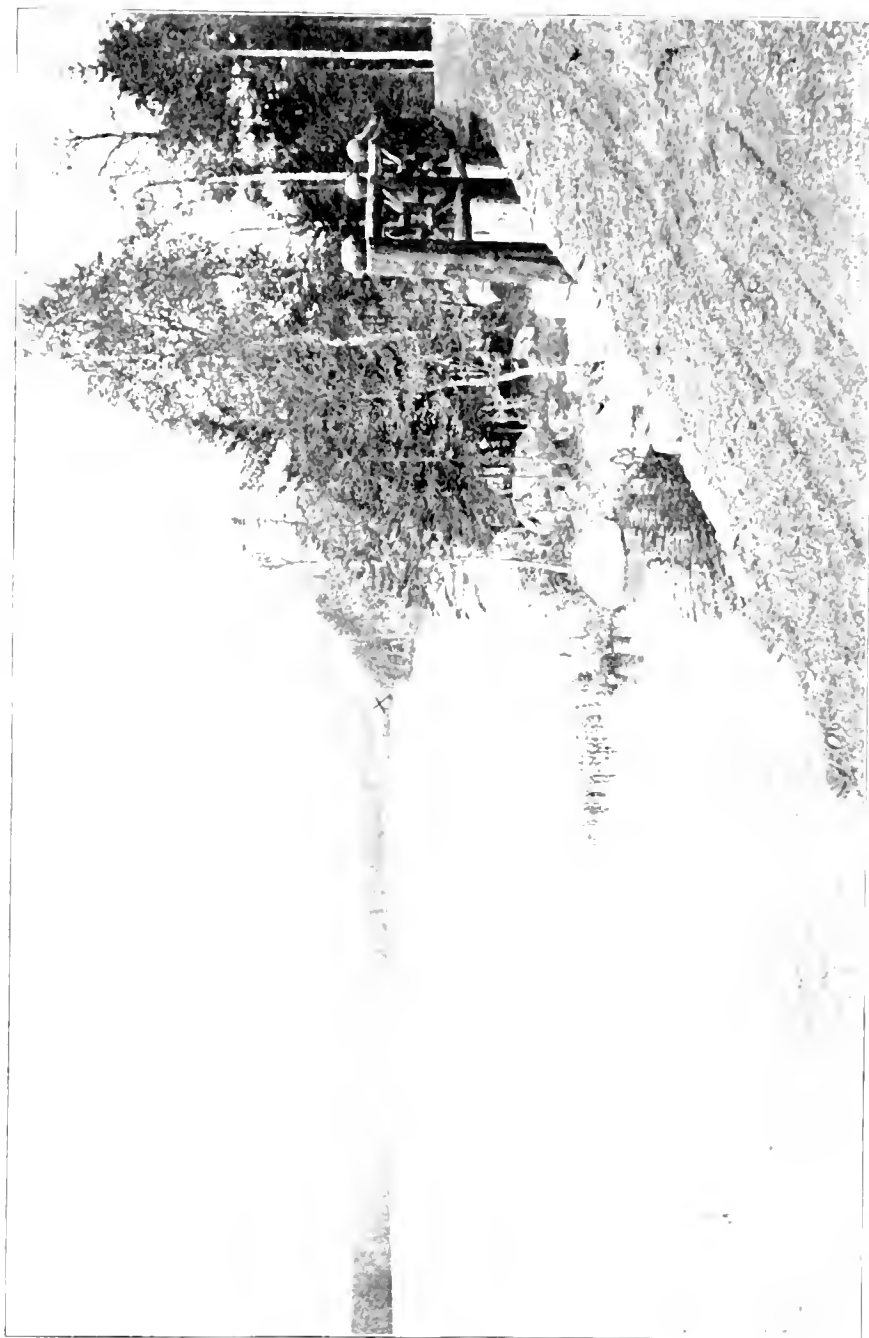
At 3.30 p. m. we boarded one of these crafts for Blue Mountain Lake, thirteen miles in a northeasterly direction. After steaming over two miles of the lake, we enter the so-called Marston River, which is simply another name for a section of Raquette River, for this stream is as much a part of the Raquette system as is Long Lake. This river has nothing to recommend it for beauty, or otherwise, except its shortness, being only four miles long. Its channel is as crooked as a ram's horn and its banks are covered with dead, scraggy cedars which are killed by the overflow caused by some flood dam, which was built for the purpose

of making the stream navigable for small steamers. After twisting up this muddy slough four miles, a carry of one-half mile is made, by teams or on foot, as you please. Our committee preferred to go on foot, as the Car of Juggernaut provided for the transfer suggested no improvement on the steamboat; besides, there was some good shooting on the way, that is to say, at a mark.

At the head of this carry we find another Great Eastern awaiting us, upon which we proceed on our crooked way one-fourth of a mile further, when we enter Utowana Lake. This body of water is about two miles long, straight, narrow and river-like in appearance, yet not without many beautiful features. At the head of this lake we again enter a rocky, crooked brook, called Eagle Lake Stream (another misnomer for a section of the old Raquette).

One-half mile up this brook, dodging around rocks, and then running against floating islands, we enter Eagle Lake. This lake is small but very pretty, the distance through it being about one-half mile. It has, however, a history of some interest on account of its being preempted in the year 1856 by that famous old story-writer, Ned Buntline, who built a log house on the northern shore and cleared thirty or forty acres of very poor land, upon which he used to play farming with questionable success. He was not much of a farmer, whatever he may have been as a story-teller. Some very funny stories are still told of this singular old man, one of which will bear repeating:

Soon after settling on the lake, he began to think that it



EAGLE LAKE, FROM DE RAST MEMORIAL BRIDGE
(X Showing Ned Buntline Farm.)

was his, and that no one had a right to fish on the same without asking leave of him. This condition of things was not fully conceded by all the sportsmen who came that way. Finally, one more venturesome than others resolved to try titles, and one morning anchored his boat over one of Buntline's best fishing holes and commenced to fish. Presently Ned caught sight of the poacher, and coolly walking into the house, he took down his old gun, and calling his guide, they jumped into his boat and started for the poor fisherman at railroad speed. It is said by those who heard them that the blood-curdling yells uttered by Buntline in that battle had never been equalled in that section since the Indians left it; but that was not all; he actually began to shoot at the innocent fisherman, and several times came dangerously near hitting him, until it became too hot for him and he hauled in his lines and started downstream, with Ned after him, shooting and yelling like a red Indian. From that time on he had no further trouble from poachers.

The log house built by the old seafaring story-writer is still standing, and is pointed out as one of the attractions of that locality.

At this point we were confronted with a very singular structure for this section. Spanning the stream, at a sufficient height to allow our steamer to easily pass under, with abutments made of stratified stones that must have been foreign to the locality, stands a finely constructed rustic bridge. It shows no marks of ever having been crossed

by teams; in fact, no carriage road is seen to or from it, yet there it stands, an expensive structure, partly covered with vines, a bridge that would attract attention if built across any stream in the State. Upon the stream face of its southern abutment, sunk into its rocky wall, is a bronze plate bearing the following inscription:

“ IN MEMORY OF
DR. CHARLES CLARK DURANT

Projector, Builder, Vice-President and General Manager of the first Transcontinental Railway, the Union Pacific. President and Builder of the Adirondack Railway.

ERECTED BY HIS SON
WILLIAM WEST DURANT
ANNO DOMINI 1891.”

He must be a true son of his noted father to have conceived such a monument so far from civilization.

After leaving this lake, and passing through its inlet or connecting link with its near neighbor, we enter Blue Mountain Lake, a fine body of water, nearly round and about three miles across. In addition to its natural beauties, this lake has, if we accept the theories of such scientists as Dana and Agassiz, a history of the earlier periods of the world which are of colossal interest to the student of geology. If the age record of this body of water were fully known one of the most important secrets of world-making would be solved. Dana says that the shores of this lake constituted the first dry land on our globe, and that the



BLUE MOUNTAIN LAKE, FROM MOUNTAIN HOUSE

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lake itself was the first individual body of water of any considerable size on this earth, and adds that America, geologically speaking, is the old rather than the new world, being the first born among the continents; and Agassiz says, speaking of the mountain ranges in this locality, "that we may walk along their summit and feel that we are treading upon the granite ridge that first divided the waters into a northern and southern ocean, and if our imagination carry us so far, we can look down to their base and fancy how the sea washed against this early shore of a lifeless world." In the rocks in the vicinity of this lake not the slightest trace of a fossil can be found, so it would be a waste of time to go there expecting to find any fossils or even any variety of rocks. If a specimen of the first cooling crust of the earth is desired, it can be found there without doubt.

The committee spent the night at the Prospect House, which is one of the most imposing structures seen on the route. Its location gives it a commanding view of the lake and mountains. It has long, wide and spacious piazzas, which are so arranged as to catch the cooling winds of that elevated region. If the place will bear criticism at all, it would be that there was too much civilization. One has but to shut his eyes to imagine that he is in Newport or Saratoga, as the houses have the same style of architecture. The other hotels in that locality we did not visit, but were told that they were well kept and first-class in every respect.

CHAPTER XIV.

BACK TO THE ANTLERS.

Our route to-day is in part a retracing of our trip of yesterday back to the Antlers, where we dine, and then proceed on our journey with the same steamer outfit as before up the Brown Tract Pond outlet, which is a swampy, dead timber swale, through which the steamer twists its way, in some places so crooked that at times one is left in doubt as to which way he is going.* Once we came near being wrecked on a floating island. Four miles of this kind of navigation and we arrive at the carry to the eighth lake of the Fulton Chain. Here we meet teams for the baggage, but the passengers prefer to walk, as the road is very poor. The distance is about one and one-half miles, and about halfway over the carry is the dividing line of the Raquette and the Moose River watersheds. A close observer will note that for about halfway over the water runs toward the north and the balance of the way south.

At the eighth lake we find another ancient craft waiting, this one a shade less comfortable than those on the other side, and although not as deep as a well or as wide as a church door, we found that it would do to float us across the lake, it being only one and a half miles. The captain, engineer and fireman—three in one—of this wheezy old steam punt was a character. When we boarded his boat he was in pretty fair condition, which was quickly noticed by our New

York contingent, and after bracing him up some more with a few doses of mountain dew the balance of the ride was made all too quickly, for the show we were having was better than a circus. So confused did the old fellow become that he hung the monkey wrench on the safety valve of his little upright steam engine until her pipes became red hot, which he proceeded to cool off with water laboriously dipped from the lake with his old white hat. If ever there was a human talking mill on earth, that old skipper was one. His experience in life was of long duration and of various degrees and conditions of servitude. In that short half hour spent in crossing the lake we listened to the life history of a man who had steam-boated it on the Mississippi for sixty years, had been a sailor in four wars, had circumnavigated the earth twice, had been up in a balloon and down in a coal mine, everywhere on earth except the North Pole. In fact, he had

“Sailed around the world without going wrong,
Had slain a great crocodile thirty feet long,
Had killed a great whale and towed him ashore,
Tamed sixteen lions and killed a wild boar,”

and was, according to his own dates, one hundred and seventy-five years old.

At the foot of this lake we were met by teams and given the choice to ride in comfortable carriages eight miles or make another carry of one mile to seventh lake, where we would continue our steamboat experience

through the seventh, sixth, fifth and a part of the fourth lake to Eagle Bay Hotel, situated on the north shore of Eagle Bay, on that lake. We were told that the lake route was uninteresting on account of the overflow of the streams through which we would have to go, and for this reason we chose the carriages and enjoyed a ride over one of the best pieces of road of the same length in the State. It was built, we were told, by one of the Durants, on contract, some portions of which, it is said, cost three thousand dollars per mile; whatever it cost, it was a good job and a credit to its builder.

We arrived at Eagle Bay Hotel at 6 p. m., where we spent the night. This house is very pleasantly situated on the north shore of the lake, and is surrounded by a number of cozy little cottages, one of which was chartered to our committee for the night.



FOURTH LAKE, FULTON CHAIN.

CHAPTER XV.

RETURN TO CIVILIZATION.

In proportion as we approach civilization the means of transportation improves. The boats from fourth lake down to Old Forge are of considerable size and with fairly good accommodations. Our trip through fourth, third, second and first lakes was exceedingly pleasant. One is reminded, however, that he is rapidly approaching the outside busy world, for signs of commerce and traffic are noticeable along this route. Opposition lines of steamers contend with each other in the common carrying business; inducements are offered in the way of cheap fares, and one can ride all the way from parlor to freight car accommodations.

The shores of these lakes are ornamented by innumerable private camps or cottages, which serve to give the locality a sort of camp-meeting appearance, all of which may be pleasant to some but unattractive to others. Just before reaching first lake we pass the rustic cottage of ex-President Harrison, and we wonder why such a man can content himself with camping there when there are so many grander sites further on.

Just before reaching Old Forge we pass the place called Indian Point, where the last Indian of the Adirondacks was killed, being shot when in his boat on his way up river on a hunting trip, for which crime one Nat Foster, an old

trapper and hunter, was tried and acquitted at Herkimer in the month of September, 1834. The Indian's name was Drid, and he belonged to the St. Regis tribe. He was killed in July, 1833.

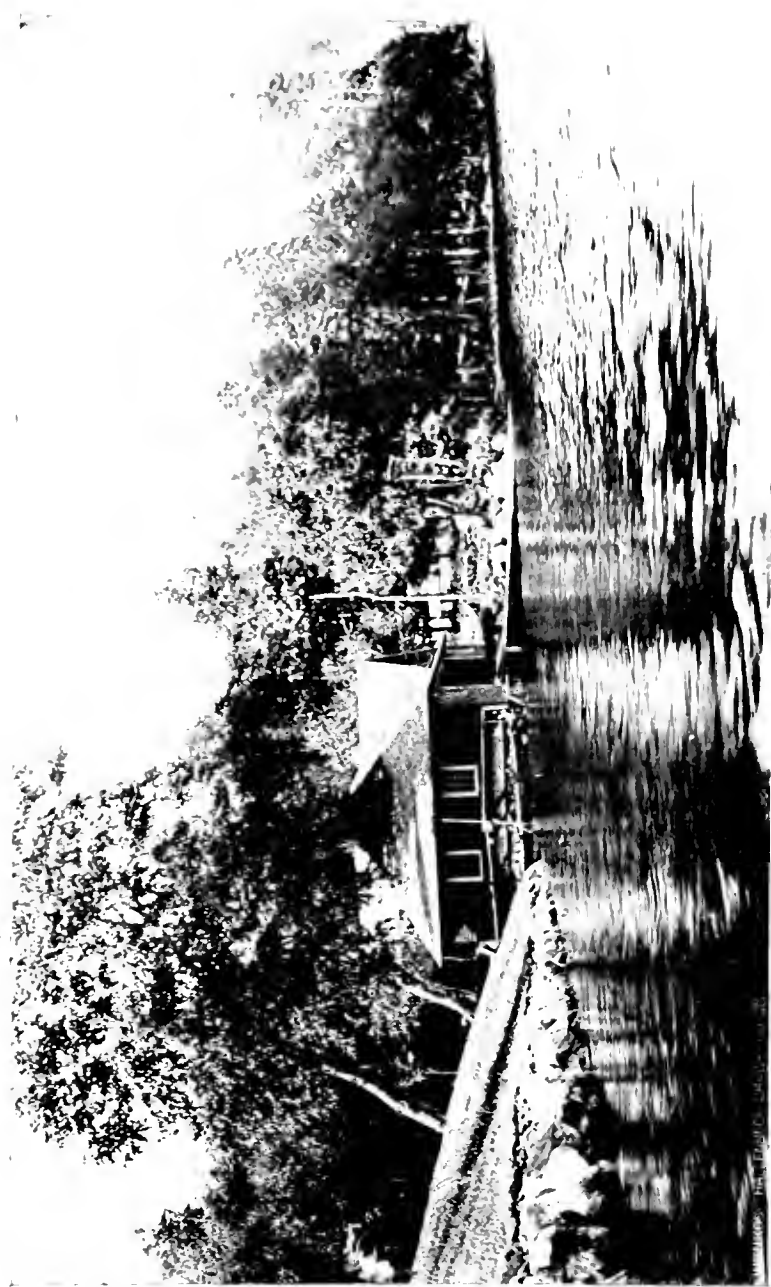
We dined at the Forge House at Old Forge, after which we took the train on the Webb road for Childwold Park Station, about forty miles by rail. As we rolled along in up-to-date cars and were carried through the forest at a forty-mile gait we fully realized what folly it would have been for anyone to undertake to build such a road, especially in the winter season, unless he had, as the saying is, "money to burn." Its builder, Dr. Seward Webb, is a true lover of the woods. However, it is an open question as to whether or not he was working for the best interest of the forest when he channeled through it and laid a track for a railroad train; but it is done, and whether good or bad, must be considered as reflecting credit upon its indomitable promoter.

As we rode along we noted other evidences of the Doctor's gigantic undertakings, one of which was the building of a barbed-wire fence, eight strands high, around forty-five thousand acres of forest land, for a deer park; in doing so he doubtless fenced in a large number of the native animals, to which he has added various other breeds of the deer family, such as elk, moose, caribou and black-tailed deer. Surely he has chosen a novel and manly way to spend his money, and has done something that will cause him to be remembered so long as water runs in the Adirondacks. His preserve is called Ne-ha-sa-ne Park.



NE-HA-SA-NE. SUMMER HOME OF DR. W. SEWARD WEHR.

WYNKOPH PHOTOGRAPH CO.



BOAT HOUSE, NE-HA-SA NE PARK. CAMP OF DR. W. SEWARD WEBB.

We arrived at Childwold Park Station at 5 o'clock, where we were met by comfortable carriages that conveyed us to Massawepie Lake, or the Park Hotel, six miles north-west over a very good road. The lake is about three miles long by one wide, and is a fine body of water, with bluff shores thickly covered by dense evergreen foliage that has never been disturbed by the axe of the woodsman. Where the lake and road meet we first catch sight of an imposing structure on the northern bank of the lake, some two miles away, that reminds one of an immense castle, looking as if it had been picked up in some foreign land and dropped down here in the woods. Such is the appearance of Hotel Childwold when seen at a distance. This scene is rapidly changed, however, on arriving at the hotel, as we find ourselves confronted with Yankees from New England, Dutchmen from New York, Quakers from Philadelphia, and representatives from almost every State in the Union, all bent on having a good time. We are soon comfortably ensconced for the night.

CHAPTER XVI.

DEER IN ST. LAWRENCE COUNTY.

This day was wholly given to the inspection of this locality. A trip to Racquette River, Downey's Landing and Bicknell's Point was made in the forenoon, and to the lake and other points of interest in the afternoon. That locality in the past has been much favored for this reason. Hounding of deer has been prohibited for years in St. Lawrence county, and for many years it has been allowed in Franklin county. Childwold Park is very near the Franklin county line; hence deer that were started by dogs in that county very naturally made for the park to free themselves from their savage brute pursuers. It was a well-known fact that many and many a dog died in a "gale" of bullets soon after being discovered on the St. Lawrence side of the county line. The deer were not only protected in St. Lawrence, but, in addition, large numbers were annually driven over there from Franklin, and for this reason, and also for the reason that the Racquette River, which is well stocked with pickerel and black bass, runs on the northern border of the preserve, and De Grass River, which is crowded with brook trout, skirts its southern border, and also because very good lake trout fishing is to be had in the lake itself, it possesses sporting advantages enjoyed by few localities in the Adirondacks.

Many of the writer's first lessons in woodcraft were learned on the Racquette in this locality. Up to the year

1870 Raquette River was a fine stream for trout fishing. About that time a man by the name of Lisand Hall, for some hellish reason that has never yet been fully explained, emptied a pail of small-fry pickerel into the waters of Long Lake, and that was the death-knell of trout fishing in the Raquette. As the pickerel increased in numbers, which they speedily did, they promptly cleaned out the smaller trout, but the larger old fellows, in order to protect themselves, made their way into and up the small tributary streams, over shallows and into deep holes, where the pickerel could not follow.

About a mile and a half above Childwold Park Landing, on the Raquette, a small brook empties into the river, and is called Mountain Brook. Being encamped with a party of friends, one summer in the early seventies, near there, the writer, in company with Mr. James Lemon, of Potsdam, N. Y., spent a day fishing up that brook, and when nearly a mile from its mouth we discovered a deep hole that was literally full of big trout. We were not very well equipped to capture them, however, having nothing but a Darriek rig, that is to say, fixed line with no landing net. The pool was not more than twelve feet across each way. I wielded the outfit and Mr. Lemon stood by to capture the whales after I had tamed them down and halter-broke them. In one hour we took from that pool fifteen trout that weighed forty-five pounds. Two of them would weigh at least five pounds each. Subsequent visits resulted in our catching, from the same hole, twenty-nine fish, including first catch, whose combined weight was seventy-five pounds.

CHAPTER XVII.

BIRTH OF THE HAMLET OF CHILDWOLD.

One day in the early spring of 1878 there walked into the post office in Potsdam a venerable looking gentleman, with that commanding appearance and deportment which would at once stamp him as a teacher or professor of that old school for which the city of Boston, Mass., has become so widely noted. He inquired if he could be furnished with a list of the postmasters of the county, and upon receiving an answer in the affirmative, he proceeded to dictate a small handbill, giving notice that the undersigned owned a large tract of land near Lake Massawepie, in St. Lawrence county; that he would sell a portion of his land in small tracts, suitable for farms, to suit purchasers, at the extremely low price of from one to three dollars per acre, and that he would be found, in the future, on the lands mentioned. To this notice he fixed the name of "Addison Child."

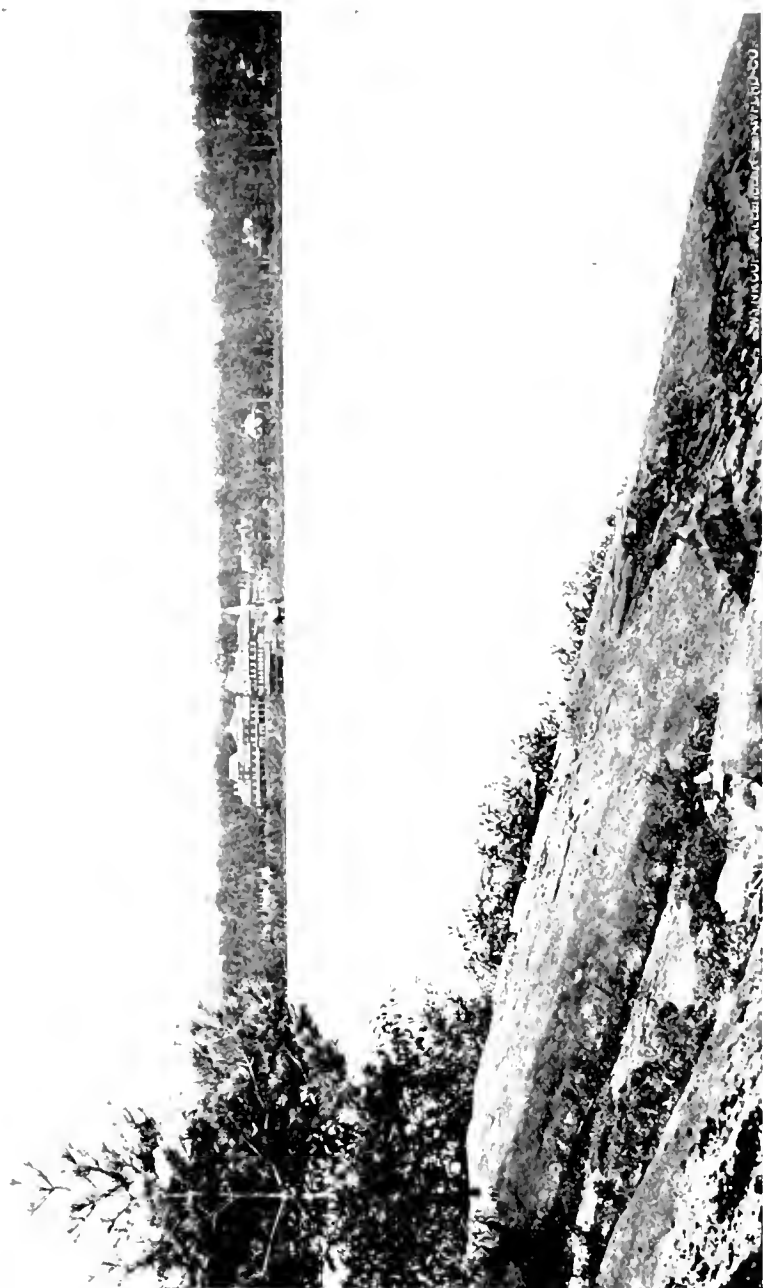
Although his deportment at that time smacked a little of dementia, yet later events have proven that the old man was sane, and that his scheme was not a visionary one. The bills were sent to the several postmasters, with the request that they conspicuously post them, and this act was the birth of the present hamlet of Childwold, about two miles west of Lake Massawepie. Mr. Child built for himself a log house in the center of the new settlement, and for the next

ten years busied himself in looking after the interests of his tenants and the development of his borough. Among other things, he built a thunder-shower sawmill on the outlet of Jock Pond, to aid in building houses and coverings for the inhabitants of his new Childwold, as he called it. But it would seem that a more important scheme than that of building up a farming village was on his mind; that of erecting a great hotel, which would serve as a market place for the products of the farms of his tenants, the building of which was to be the crowning effort of his life, as the old gentleman passed away soon after its completion and demonstrated success.

The park is composed of 16,000 acres of land and water, a considerable part of which is the latter. There are several separate bodies called ponds in the vicinity of the lake, which serve to add to its picturesqueness and beauty as well as to the hunting advantages of the preserve. The hotel was erected in 1889 by Mr. Addison Child and its present owner and proprietor, Mr. Henry G. Dorr, who was, in fact, the real power behind the throne from the start to the finish of the Childwold undertaking, but who modestly remained in the background. He is now, however, at the front, and can be found at the house during its open dates quietly looking after the comforts of its guests. Some persons are born wealthy and some are born great, and then there are others who are born to keep a hotel. Among the latter are the Leland boys; hence, when it is known that Charlie Leland, the crown prince of them all,

is at present general manager of the Childwold hotel, that settles it. He seems to know just when, where and how to do things that will add to the happiness of his guests. The hotel will accommodate about three hundred guests, and is about sixteen hundred feet above tide, an altitude which is said to bar out hay fever.

But there are other advantages and attractions in that locality. One mile from the Park House, on the northern bank of Catamount Pond, is located Pond View House, with Mr. Emery Gale, a lifelong guide and hunter, for its landlord. What Emery doesn't know about the woods, hunting and fishing isn't worth investigating. Good accommodations can be had there for the moderate sum of from one to two dollars per day, with the same sporting privileges as are enjoyed at the Park House.



HOTEL CHILOWOLD, MASSAWETTE LAKE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FROM CHILDWOLD PARK TO POTSDAM.

From Childwold Park to Potsdam, in St. Lawrence County, there are two routes open to the tourist, one by way of the old Colton and Tupper Lake State Road, which is a pretty fair wagon road of about forty miles; the other by way of small boats, with guides, down the rapid Racquette River to the foot of Hollywood Stillwater, twenty-four miles, and thence by stage or team to Potsdam, a distance of twenty-one miles. To make the latter, however, a steady nerve and considerable courage are needed. I will venture to say that there is no trip just like it in America, but when once enjoyed it will never be forgotten.

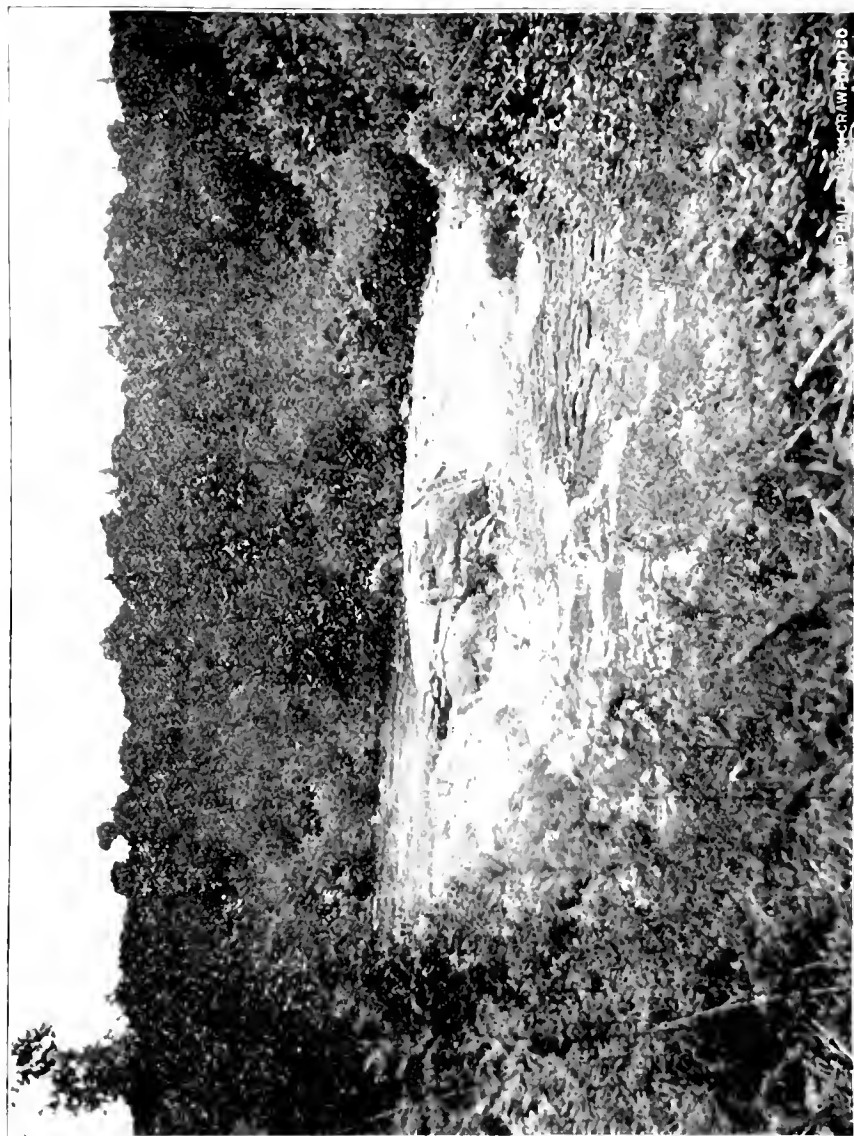
If the river trip is selected, upon arriving at the landing one will be quick to notice the difference in the build of the boats on this as compared to those on the other side of the mountains. They are made of the same material as the Long Lakers, so called, but are shorter, broader and shallower, and for this reason draw less water and can be handled with greater ease in the swift water. They also have fixed seats, which serve to strengthen them. Should they strike a rock sideways, this last feature is found to be quite important at times, as will be observed.

There are several good guides to be had at the Park House and at Gale's, who can be relied upon to make the trip safely, but in no case should a tourist undertake it without

an experienced boatman, and in that case make up his mind to be "bossed" around like a hired man when the rapids are reached.

Taking a seat in the stern of the boat at Downey's or Gale's landing, the journey commences. You glide over a short strip of still water for about eighty rods, and then your first lesson of rapids running begins, but of so mild a nature as to attract but little attention, as doubtless your guide will row down through the quick water at Day's Point bow on, and if so, you will make the thirty rods of rapids in two minutes. Two miles of smooth water, called Blue Mountain Stillwater, and you arrive at the Pier Rapids, which look formidable enough from your boat, but are not bad and are easily run; at the foot of these you will be required to make a small carry, necessary on account of a rocky dam that spans the river at this point. Over that, and you are afloat in the Burnt Island Stillwater, one mile in length. Down through its rocky channel your boat will glide until you reach its foot, and then look out, for there are breakers ahead. Here you will experience the first example of the nerve, skill and coolness of your guide in the management of his craft in the swift current, for just before you is about eighty rods of the most turbulent and contrary piece of swift water on the river; hence its name, Hedgehog Rapids.

Just before reaching the shoot you will notice a change in your heretofore sociable guide. You will note his anxious look, and see him take an extra large chew of his



HEIGE LOG RAPIDS, RAQUETTE RIVER.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY

Navy Plug, tighten his belt up another hole, and you will also notice that he carefully inspects his oars to see that they are without flaw and working freely, and you will perhaps feel annoyed at his short, quick answers to your questions, if he answers at all, which is as much as to say to you, "You mind your own business and I will mind mine." Presently, with one stroke of his oar, your boat is reversed, with the stern downstream. Then you are commanded to reverse yourself and to crouch low in the boat, so that he may see the waters over your head. Then you glance downstream and behold the foamy waters just below, and are led to wonder if your small craft will stand the strain of the cascade, and before you have had time to think again your boat has mounted the first big wave of the rapids, and it settles and slips through it slicker than a sled down a toboggan slide, and the rest of the ride is a pleasure trip to you.

Thereafter you will be filled with satisfaction at the ease with which your boatman now drops his shell into the eddy of a big rock for a moment's rest, and then lets her slide on the swift ridge of waters that almost stand on edge, until another wave is mounted with the same results as the first, and in about three minutes you have run eighty rods of angry waters and are floating safely in the eddy just above Old Flat Rock.

The writer speaks from experience, having made the same run many times himself, never but once, however, with a passenger, a history of which many be interesting.

He was coming down the river several years ago in company with Judge Theo. H. Swift, of Potsdam; upon reaching the rapids, Swift declined to walk over the carry. No amount of urging would induce him to go ashore, for, said he, "I have never made these rapids, and now I propose to run them, let the result be what it may." Two men who would tip the beam at two hundred pounds each is too much of a load to make the rapids safely, and so it proved in that case. Our light boat shot through the first waves of the cascade all right, and we were making fine headway until about halfway down, where the most-to-be-dreaded point in the shoot was reached, when, as Murray says, "I heard the crash of rending wood, and no words were needed to tell me what had happened." In a loud voice, above the roar of the falls, I shouted, "Jump, Judge, for your life!" This time he promptly took my advice and made a frightful leap, with "Yours truly" a close second behind him, and there we stood like the young Indian on a bold, barren rock, the Judge grasping his trusty rifle and myself a broken oar. How we ever got off that rock the Judge must tell; I don't remember.

Having safely made the rapids, you will notice that the good nature of your guide has returned, and casting your eyes upstream over the milky waves, you will think to yourself, "Well, I don't wonder at his anxiety."

Now prepare yourself for a rest, because you will need it before the trip and day is over. Moosehead Stillwater is six miles long, and for quiet beauty and modest scenery



FLAT ROCK LANDING, RAQUETTE RIVER.



RUNNING MOUNTAIN RIVER, ROGUE RIVER

WOOD HALLENBECK CRAWFORD CO.

the level has but few equals in the State. About half-way down, after passing through a strip of quick water, you reach Smith's Island, upon which Surveyor G. W. F. Smith, of Potsdam, has a very comfortable camping place, and about a mile below you will cross the track of the Great Windfall of 1845, where a frightful windstorm or tornado mowed a swath one-half mile wide and nearly one hundred miles long through the entire woods in July of that year.

Arriving at Moosehead Landing, at the foot of the Stillwater, your guide will halt there in order to arrange his load and boat for the eight miles of rapids, the head of which is in sight just below. By this time you have learned to be good and to respect your boatman, and will quietly watch him making his arrangements without offering any suggestions. You will note that he yanks another hitch in his belt and bites off about half of his Navy Plug, which would indicate that he has a long, hard and exciting trial before him. This time you are not frightened, and proceed to seat yourself in the boat with feelings of safety born of experience and are willing to wager that your guide can run any falls on the river. However, you will soon learn that you are mistaken. Suddenly, here you are again at the head of and looking down a canyon of a mile and a half in length, through which the waters of the river run at a speed equal to that of the Empire State Express. The channel seems to change from one side of the stream to the other, and in places to narrow up into canal-like

chutes, into which huge bowlders are in places rolled by the action of high water during the spring flushing season, which compels your guide to row his boat back and forth across the chasm many times before the still pool is reached at the foot of Moosehead Rapids; but at last you are safely over one of the most dangerous long stretch of rapids on the river.

But you are not out of the woods yet "by a long shot," for just below is an island that intervenes to cut off the sight but not the hearing of the roar of many waters. Presently your guide will place his boat up against a flat rock on the east shore and softly remark, "I guess you had better get out here and walk over a short carry, for I don't believe I'll try to run Moody Falls, as only one man on earth ever did it, and he was an ignorant Canadian lumberman, who, on wager, placed himself in the bottom of an old Maine bateau or river driver's boat, and, 'Let her go, Gallagher,' and the fool came out alive."

As you walk along over the carry, you will pause to look into the hell of waters, and if you desire to feel fairly miserable, just stand there a few moments and imagine your fate had you tried to run them. The fall here in the stream is not far from fifty feet. They were named for a man by the name of Moody, who, in company with his own son and another person (name unknown), accidentally lost their lives by being drawn over them one dark night in midsummer many years ago. Their bodies lie buried on Jamestown Falls Carry, some two miles below.



MOODY FALLS, RAQUETTE RIVER

WYMKOP, BALITZER, CAN.



JAMESTOWN FALLS, RAQUETTE RIVER

A short two miles of still water, and Jamestown Falls is reached, where the river again falls from fifty to seventy-five feet, and in doing so makes one of the grandest sights along its whole course. The falls are labyrinthian in form—that is to say, like a winding stairway—over which the water makes several step-like tumbles, which adds much to their beauty.

Just below these falls is a short piece of still water of about one mile, and below that another rapids, which are three miles long, not especially difficult to run, but yet requiring a skillful man at the helm. These passed, you arrive at the head of Hollywood Stillwater; by that time you are hungry, and will dine at Hollywood House, which is kept by another born hunter, Mr. A. H. Day, where quite likely both trout and venison will be found on the bill of fare.

At this point will be found one of the most democratic summer resorts in the Adirondacks. For nearly a mile on the opposite side of the river from the Day House can be seen a regular village street, with cottages, some of them very pretty, at intervals of about ten rods apart, with a good sidewalk in front along the bank of the river. Each camper's lot is from ten to fifteen rods front by twenty back, thus affording plenty of room to the occupant, and for old style fun and pleasure this summer outing place in the Adirondacks cannot be excelled.

The six miles of good boating just below, called the Hollywood Stillwater, has many home-like and cozy camps

on its banks. In fact, this water has numerous attractions, there being no better section for "free for all" deer hunting within the Adirondack Preserve. Two miles from its foot is a short carry around Carry Falls, but big, good-natured Nelt Parmeter is usually there to help you over and to a big slice of venison, if you so elect, while you wait.

Arriving at the foot of the Hollywood water, one will find a good, new hotel, recently built by its present landlord, Will Reynolds, from whom conveyance can be obtained for Potsdam, twenty-one miles.

At Potsdam, where connection is made with the Central Railroad, there are a number of first-class, up-to-date hotels. A day or week can be spent there with pleasure and profit, as it will be found one of the finest places of its size in the State. Especially is this true in regard to geology and mineralogy, for here the first stratified rock of our old Mother Earth crops out and comes to the surface, namely, the Potsdam Sandstone. Besides, the locality is rich with a variety of minerals that the student of geology can study with deep interest.

The town is also noted for its bold hunting landlords, with Charles R. Holmes, of the Albion, as their acknowledged captain. Mr. Holmes, besides being an expert hotel man, can tell hunting stories that will make each individual hair of your head stand on end; in fact, all the brave hunters of his bailiwick uncover in his presence; hence a trip to the Adirondacks is never complete without a visit with Charlie.



UPPER HOLLYWOOD, STILLWATER, RAQUETTE RIVER

WINDUPT HALLWAY AT CRAWFORD CO.



WYKHOOP HALL BIRCH CANYON CO.

STARK FALLS, RAQUETTE RIVER

Having explored nearly the whole length of the Racquette River, some of its legendary history may not be out of place.

Doubtless for one hundred years before and fifty years after the advent of the white man Racquette River (named after an Indian snowshoe) and its tributary streams and waters was the home of the red men, mainly of the Huron tribe. Tools and implements of the only trade in which they were known to excel, that of tanning and dressing skins, are found quite frequently on its banks even at the present time, and on the shores of Big Tupper Lake well preserved specimens of ancient pottery have been and still can be found. The same is true in regard to stone implements of warfare, such as tomahawks, axes and arrow heads. And during all that time it is safe to say that no river or stream in America offered better inducements in the way of game and fish than the Racquette. Besides, unquestionably there does not exist to-day in any of the Northern States a better connecting link between those old tribes and the present—the Indians of one hundred years ago and those of to-day—than can be found in the person of Rev. Mitchell Sabattis, of Long Lake, N. Y., for this reason. In the year 1750, as near as can be traced, there was born an Indian by the name of Pierjoun, which, when translated into English, means Peter Sabattis. This child of the Hurons was destined to play a very important part in the history of the Raquette River Valley during his long life of one hundred and eleven years, for he lived until the year 1861.

retaining a clear remembrance of his past life until the day of his death. The old warrior kept tally of his years on a notched stick. The old man was proud to boast that during all those years he had never slept in a white man's bed. I have it from a man who entertained him many a night (the old guide, Robert Fulton), and offered him as good a bed as he had in the house, but the old captain would invariably say, "Me no sleep in white man's bed," and with his head resting on a stick of wood, he would proudly spend the night prone upon the kitchen floor near the stove. This man, although reared among fierce savages, strange as it may seem, had a lovable disposition, and was kind-hearted, truthful and reliable. There is scarcely a rod of land on either side of the Racquette, for several miles back from its mouth to its source, that he was not familiar with. There are many men now living who can recall this sturdy old fellow, who continued to make his annual visits to his old hunting grounds up the Racquette until the day of his death.

If there is anything that the white race are especially noted for, it is for promptly forgetting meritorious and beneficial acts of the Indian. This is due no doubt to the fact of the general cruelty and unreliability of the race. Such characters as Capt. Peter Sabattis are few in the history of the race. It is not known that Sabattis took any special part in the War of the Revolution, although he was a grown man at the time, but it is known that he was friendly to the whites and aided materially in the War of



MITCHELL SABATTIS, LONG LAKE, N. Y.

1812. In that war it was thought best, in order to facilitate military operations along the northern frontier, to cut a road through the then dense forest from Lake George to Lake Ontario, the road running as nearly as possible in a northwesterly course, and called the Old Vermont Road. It is known that this friendly old trapper, who was then a man of upwards of sixty years, blazed the line and piloted the road-makers through nearly one hundred miles of unknown wilderness, and for this service he was commissioned as captain, and as such was so called until the day of his death.

Captain Peter had two sons, who were known to the people who live along the Racquette River. The eldest was named Sol, and was born on Sol's Island, a large strip of land in the Racquette, nearly one mile long, near Childwold Park. Sol was educated for the ministry, but made a failure of the business. The Captain is said to have remarked in explaining why his son turned out that way, "No use to try to make anything of an Indian by education. You can't polish a brick; heap rub; bime bye, brick all gone." Sol is dead; doubtless his education killed him. The Captain's other son is still living, and is seventy-four years old. He is the Mitchell Sabattis hereinbefore mentioned, that lives at Long Lake, N. Y. Mitchell was not educated, and, strange as it may seem, is a temperance lecturer, and incidentally preaches the Gospel of Christ. Like the fisherman of old, his sermons must be a little crude, but, as he says, he has Divine aid, and adds, "I open my mouth and God puts the good words in."

There are many other legends and stories of an Indian character that could be related of the Racquette Valley tribes, notably among which are the stories of Indian and Captain Peter's rocks; the former is a big boulder in the center of the Racquett near the place where the Webb road crosses it at the present time, a close inspection of which will reveal a deep hole or cave, in which the old trapper is said to have stored his furs in an early day; and also Sols Island, named after the Indian Sol, upon whose rocky shores he was born; the Indian burying ground on Hollywood Stillwater, which was said to have been made necessary on account of an Indian battle fought there among themselves, and where the bodies of those slain in that family jar were buried; and last, but not least, Indian Rock, which is located about two miles above Carry Falls, in the upper Hollywood Stillwater.

This rock, which is a large round boulder, is elevated above the water some three or four feet, around which the trout of those early days were wont to congregate. The Indians say that that rock was once the scene of a bloody fight between two braves who had placed themselves on it for a day's fishing. It seemed that they were rivals for the hand of one of the dusky maidens of the tribe, and they quietly agreed to fight it out on the rock with their tomahawks. The result was that one of the bucks received a blow from the other's stone axe which felled him lifeless at his feet, covering the top of the rock with blood, the stain of which, it is said, can be plainly traced at the present



CARRY FALLS LANDING, RAQUETTE RIVER

time. It is also said that the victor promptly kicked the body off into the water and allowed it to float off downstream, which last act cost him his life, for, while the Indians might have condoned the killing, they could not tolerate the abuse of the dead, and for this act he was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be shot on the rock where he killed his rival. The sentence was carried out, and his body was allowed to float downstream with his unlucky victim.

We are told that, even at the present time, the bold hunter when out jack hunting for deer at night gives that rock a wide berth, and that it is not an uncommon thing to see two Indian forms clinched in deadly strife on the surface of that rock at midnight. However, this statement is not sworn to.

Thus endeth this voluminous account of an eighteen days' trip through the Adirondacks.



ALDEN HOUSE, POTSDAM, N. Y.



JOHN BROWN.

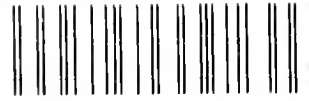


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